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Lawrence T. King

The Vanishing Race

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THE COMMONWEAL

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS, LITERATURE AND THE ARTS

Death in the Congo

AS Victor Ferkiss wrote in these pages two weeks ago, African pride is one of the complicating factors in the breakdown of the Congo. If African pride insists that the continent is perfectly capable of solving its own problems, then the facts of breakdown, massacres, torture and cannibalism must somehow be projected outward. The result is that African incompetence and failure of will are seldom faced; it is always more soothing to blame the Western colonialists.

This traditional escape mechanism is at work again in the Congo. Thus Ghana, the United Arab Republic and the majority of central African nations can excoriate the West for moral turpitude in trying to save the lives of innocent captives, while remaining silent about the crimes of the Congo rebels, including the massacre of more than 2,000 Congolese. Even Julius Nyerere of Tanganyika and Emperor Haile Selassie of Ethiopia, who normally keep a level head in dealing with the West, have been caught in the whirl. The U.S-Belgian rescue mission, according to Selassie, was an act of "international banditry" masquerading under "the lofty banner of humanitarianism." A spokesman for Ghana, a country accustomed to filtering moral questions through an anti-colonial smog, professed to be unable to determine who was more morally culpable for the death of the hostages—the paratroopers who tried to save them, or the rebels who killed them.

About the spasm that is gripping the African and neutralist world, the United States can do little, except to let it pass. No sound foreign policy could be expected to operate totally within the limits of African sensibilities thus exposed. To a great extent, the amount of noise raised by the Africans about the U.S.-Belgian rescue operation is the measure of Africa's inability to keep her own house in order. Though the situation is not a simple one, it remains true that the African states have made no real attempt to help stabilize the Congo, and in fact, have generated pressure to keep it in disarray. The one-sided complaints, too, can be wearying: an American and Belgian rescue mission, undertaken with permission of the government, is an unwarranted intervention, while promises of aid for the rebels from Cuba, China and Algeria are welcomed.

BUT while we are bound to regret Africa's lingering emotional attachment to yesterday's anti-colonialism, our immediate problem is how to stabilize the Congo and prevent Russian or Chinese intervention. At this writing, it still appears possible that the rebellion may be broken quickly and followed by a thorough mop-up operation. But there is still fear that enough rebels would go underground to raise the specter of an African Vietnam.

A quick end to the rebellion would probably close the door to the Communists. But any direct American aid to help crush the rebels would constitute an invitation to "escalation." The Chinese are positioned to do so. According to reports, Chinese money and advisers aid the rebels, but no "volunteers" or troops have yet been employed. With so much African antagonism toward the Americans and Belgians in the wake of the paratroop landing, the Chinese might well be weighing a large-scale adventure.

It is true that the West paid just as stiff a price in propaganda for its limited and prudent rescue mission as it would have paid for an unannounced military strike. But it should not be argued from this that the U.S. has no more to lose if it moved in quickly to prevent a Communist toehold. Such intervention may be just the signal the Chinese are waiting for. For the time being, we would do better to offer the normal support we have been granting Tshombe; and once Africa's anti-Western spasm has passed, it will be time to press the argument, through normal diplomatic channels, that not all colonialists are men of the West.

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Part of the tragedy is that both the West and Africa are stuck with Tshombe. The United States feels uneasy about him; black Africa detests him as a Western stooge. But at the moment there is no alternative. In the short run, some leaders—Nasser, for one—believe they have a stake in a weak and disordered Congo. In the long run, Africa cannot be strong without a strong Congo, and it cannot feel secure from Communist penetration until the Congo is secure.

Defense Economies

THE MEASURE of a wound is not the scream it produces but the damage it does. Secretary of Defense McNamara's order to phase out, close down or consolidate some 95 military installations, with a potential annual saving of $477 million a year, produced the expected screams. Prior to this latest effort at economy, the Secretary had already closed 574 installations at an estimated saving of $576 million a year; those closings brought screams also, from senators, congressmen, unions, civic groups; in short, from just about everybody. The latest order was no exception to the rule: everyone is in favor of peace and economy, but no one wants to lose the business which war and the preparations for war bring.

If this reaction is strange from a cosmic point of view, let us say, it is not strange from a human point of view. Since the end of the Korean War, American business has had all the advantages of war profits without having to fight any wars. Thousands of Americans have made their living off the defense industry without paying for that living in the coin of human lives. If the days of full peace, days of freedom from anxiety, are not quite upon us, economy at any rate is. The military gravy train is slowing down its pace and some sectors of the economy are feeling it. The expected elimination of 63,401 jobs by the latest order, not to mention the economic impact on the areas involved, will hurt.

While it is of course perfectly proper and wise for interested parties to question the wisdom of closing particular installations, or to question, as Senator Margaret Chase Smith has done, the figures presented by Secretary McNamara, the over-all value of the order seems clear. Many of the installations to be closed are old, of little strategic value, and unjustifiably expensive to maintain. If there is to be an economy drive in the defense establishment, then moribund installations are a natural target. The only real arguments against this type of drive come down, then, to the human cost.

But even if one could safely say that the human cost of economy will be high (which is not always the case), is there actually any choice here? To maintain unnecessary military installations as a kind of public welfare project makes little sense. They will make no contribution to the national good, and perhaps actually harm it by diverting funds from more useful projects. Nor does it make any sense to have the nation become dependent upon defense spending; now, during a time of relative prosperity, the possibility of effecting a transition from a defense-based economy to a peace-based economy should be optimal. This applies not only to local economies dependent upon installations, but also to those industrial economies reliant upon prime military contracts and subcontracts.

At present, defense spending accounts for approximately nine and one-half percent of the national product. If the present defense spending rate of approximately $50 billion a year remains static, which is likely, or declines, less and less of our economy will be able to sustain itself on defense work. That reality had better be faced now. Secretary McNamara should be thanked, not for saving money, but for putting the nation on notice about the implications of its (one hopes) peaceful future.

Liberals and the Right

THE ELECTION has come and gone, and the radical right we still have with us. The hordes of Robert Welch and Billy James Hargis have not descended upon Washington. Neither have they disappeared from sight. Right-wingers claim Goldwater's unhappy crusade has stirred new interest in their cause and placed new money in their coffers. Others insist that the G.O.P. disaster will banish the right from the planning tables of practical men of politics. Meanwhile, charges of John Birch infiltration of police forces suggest that the possibilities for suspicion and tension are far from exhausted.

The nation would do well to examine carefully the staying power of the radical right. It has its roots in some of the most potent and time-honored traits of American political mythology: the Agrarian Yeoman myth, for example, which has inspired both the best and worst of American political ventures, from Jefferson and Jackson and the Populists to the Ku Klux Klan. The Agrarian Yeoman and the moralistic middle-class Progressive (who once thought the consumption of alcohol a political issue of first rank, and today thinks the same of topless bathing suits) ceased to be relevant to domestic politics with the coming of the Depression and to foreign affairs with the coming of World War II. But the New Deal and the end of isolationism were

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responses to crises; there was no time for the growth of a new mythology. So the old one still stood, and stands, much to the hindrance of rational political discussion and action.

The ideology of the radical right is the ideology of those groups who have lost power and status in an industrialized, pluralistic America: the small businessman, the Southern white, the believer in an America identical with white, Anglo-Saxon, Protestantdom. But strangely, and dangerously, this ideology has caught hold with a group increasingly important in American society: the college-educated, suburban-dwelling upper-middle-class. These individuals live in a world of large corporations and intricate complexities which daily denies the relevance of the right-wing simplism; yet they attend to their Fred Schwarz and vote Goldwater because the old mythology is better than none, and one is admittedly hard pressed today to make sense out of the world's chaos.

Despite the many temptations to do otherwise, the American liberal has been surprisingly true to the pragmatic tradition of his nation's politics. In one way, however, he has been perhaps too pragmatic; he has hesitated to challenge the old mythology, finding he could use it, twist it, reinterpret it—in short, Lyndonjohnson it. But murder will out; and so has the old mythology. The radical right has been hamstrung by some outrageous accusations against persons who are identified with all the old values—like former President Eisenhower; in this sense it turned its own appeal against itself, and made possible the emotional effectiveness enjoyed by liberal warnings of "extremism."

But it could have been otherwise—and, someday, may be. American liberals had better face this problem squarely, that is, politically. They had better construct new myths and symbols for a modern America, or at least attack head on the old ones. This President Kennedy did—perhaps unconsciously—with his much-talked-about "style." His efficient, staccato, fact-burdened delivery contrasted with Nixon's moralistic sentimentalism. It was more than a matter of "image"; it was a lesson in the right way and the wrong way to conduct the affairs of state. Likewise, Hubert Humphrey's speeches in the recent campaign ridiculing his opponents' simplism put the message across in a popular way. Bemoaning "extremism" is not enough; nor is pragmatic concentration on single political issues. American liberals must present a larger vision by which the citizen can orient himself in a world constantly in flux.

ALL THINGS CONSIDERED

End of the Session

THE PROGRESSIVES were more confident this time around, but in one way at least the third session of the Vatican Council strongly resembled the first and the second: for anything crucial, the standard conservative procedure was delay, delay, delay. As a result this session, like the others, had about it the distinct flavor of an ecclesiastical "Perils of Pauline." The fate of crucial items like Religious Liberty and the Declaration on the Jews hung in the balance while wild rumors raced through the ranks of the *periti* and assembled journalists. One day the rumors would be bad, and everyone—or at least everyone of a progressive bent—would be correspondingly gloomy; the next day the rumors would be optimistic, and the sun would shine again. And the closer it got to the end of the session, the more sharp became these variations in mood.

There really was nothing surprising about the fact that crucial decisions were put off and then put off again. The situation was somewhat comparable to that in the U.S. House of Representatives. What are called, for lack of a better term, the progressives, constitute an overwhelming majority in the Council. The machinery of the Vatican and of the Council itself, however, is dominated by the conservatives, and they do not hesitate to use this control to prevent or at least delay decisions which they fear would go against them.

A good instance of this conservative domination of the Council machinery was seen in the handling of the declaration on Religious Liberty. Again the first tactic was to stall matters. The Secretariat for Christian Unity had the text ready for a vote weeks and weeks ago. By shunting it to Cardinal Ottaviani's group for theological scrutiny, however, the conservatives managed to delay matters till the very last week of the Council. At that point the argument was made by those who caused the delay in the first place that there was insufficient time for the Fathers to study the document and that it should therefore be postponed till the fourth session, at which time they hoped still to defeat it or sidetrack it once again.

Let it be said once more that the conservatives are not "bad guys," a la television westerns. They are good men who honestly fear the principle of collegiality; indeed, they have from the very first feared the entire Council. These are the "prophets of doom" Pope John spoke of. There must be machinery to administer papal authority; no one man could do it all. But the men who have for so long acted as the Pope's good right arm seem by

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now to confuse his authority and their own. Any attempt to reduce their prerogatives—as a Senate of the bishops inevitably will—strikes them as an attack on papal authority. It is to this that they react.

One result of this situation is that the Pope sometimes gets very bad advice from those around him. This, at least, is how I interpret the incident of the propositions on the missions. To save time for the Council Fathers, the commission responsible for this subject had been asked to boil down a long schema into some relatively short propositions. This they did, reluctantly, and the result was predictable: a series of stark sentences which pleased almost no one. This dissatisfaction about the propositions on the missions was common knowledge among everyone I saw in Rome; the bishop who referred to the propositions as so many dry bones was certainly expressing the sentiments of the missionary bishops—the group most concerned and one numerically and psychologically important in the Council.

Somehow or other, though, all this seems to have been kept a secret from the Pope. To show his support for the missions and to emphasize his statement that he was going to India as a missionary, the Pope departed from the usual custom and came into St. Peter's for the Council Mass on the day the propositions were to be discussed. Afterward, to the amazement of many, he praised the propositions and urged the Council Fathers to support them.

All of this raised some nice questions. Were those who advised the Pope really ignorant of the prevailing opinion on the propositions? Or were they anxious to see Pope Paul and the Council Fathers on different sides of the question? In either case, what would the Fathers do? Maintain their opposition to the propositions or defer to the Pope by passing the measure without dissent? No one yet knows the answers to the first two questions, but the bishops soon made it clear that the Pope's views had not changed their minds. By a vote of 1601 to 311 the Fathers voted down the text praised by the Pope, sending it back to commission for a complete redrafting. (In the process, incidentally, they laid to rest the doubts of some Protestant observers as to whether the bishops would in fact ever take a course opposite to that of the Pope.)

COLLEGIALITY remains the most important concept to emerge from the Council. The Pope emphasized it in his address at the opening of this session; the bishops supported it overwhelmingly last time and this time, impatiently rejecting even slight textual changes that seemed in any way to modify their power in the Church. Nonetheless, there was never any secret that the Roman Curia still objected to the very notion as destructive of papal authority, and from time to time rumors would sweep Rome to the effect that they had succeeded in persuading the Pope to their views. This kept the fate of *De Ecclesia* in doubt almost to the very last.

As far as the schema *De Ecumenismo* was concerned, it seems never to have been in the danger that *De Ecclesia* was. Yet it was in many respects subordinate to and dependent upon *De Ecclesia*. Without approval for that text, the schema on Ecumenism would have had a hard time standing alone.

By the last week of the session, though, it became reasonably clear that the fears on *De Ecclesia* and on *De Ecumenismo* were groundless—or at least that the danger had been averted. Still in the balance, however, were the declarations on Religious Liberty and on the Jews. In one sense these really cannot be compared with either *De Ecclesia* or *De Ecumenismo*—historic documents both that will profoundly influence the future course of the Church. *De Ecclesia* represents the Church's best effort to think about herself and represents a giant step toward greater relevance in the modern world. The schema on Ecumenism puts behind us once and for all the rhetoric of the Counter Reformation, solemnly committing us to all-out effort toward the goal of Christian unity.

Compared with these documents, then, the declarations on Religious Liberty and on Non-Christian People (as it came to be called after the addition of the Hindus, Moslems, etc.) were of lesser moment. Yet in another sense they were of crucial importance. Central as they are, both *De Ecclesia* and *De Ecumenismo* are "churchy" documents. If they represented the total output of the Council this session, they might suggest that it—and God?—were interested in nothing but religion, a disastrous notion. In the midst of the high-level discussion of *De Ecclesia* and *De Ecumenismo*, the world in the presence of the newspaper reporters at the U.S. press panel kept asking: "What about Religious Liberty? What about the Declaration on the Jews?" And although some churchmen became annoyed at their questions, the newsmen were surely right in doing so.

That is why the announcement by Cardinal Tisserant on the next-to-last day of the Council that there would be no vote permitted on Religious Liberty was such a shocker. Technically, the Presidents of the Council for whom Cardinal Tisserant spoke were probably within their rights; it is their duty to determine the agenda. However, the vote on this one had been solemnly promised, and in the light of all the roadblocks placed by the conservatives in the way of the schema, this move could only be seen as one more obstructing tactic.

It is not too strong, apparently, to say that many of the bishops were furious, according to periti who were close to them. The Americans in particular were stunned, but not for long. In no time the group centering around Cardinals Meyer of Chicago and Ritter of St. Louis had a petition of protest circulating for presentation to the Pope. Its wording indicates how strongly the bishops felt; it read: "To the Most Holy Father: Reverently, but

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urgently, very urgently, most urgently, we ask that a vote on the declaration on religious freedom be called before the end of this session of the Council lest the confidence of the world, both Christian and non-Christian, be lost." Before the afternoon was over, more than one thousand bishops had signed, and the newspaper descriptions of the move as an American-led bishops' revolt seemed only a little too strong.

As everyone knows by now, that urgent petition by the bishops was denied, with the Pope refusing to interfere in the decision of the Presidents but pledging early consideration of Religious Liberty in the next session. That the Pope's action—or failure to act—was a severe disappointment to many is undeniable. Collegiality involves the bishops working together with the Pope as their head; to some, it now began to look like a tug of war. To top matters off, the Pope simultaneously took other actions that made many observers wonder just what the new concept of collegiality was going to mean in practice. He sent the Secretariat on Christian Unity a number of "suggested" changes in the Ecumenism text but only after it was too late for the bishops to consider them on their own merits. Furthermore, he apparently cast his lot with the Marian maximalists by invoking the title "Mother of the Church" for Mary, a title that Council Fathers had discussed and decided against. On top of this—although more clearly political—he sent the traditional "Gold Rose" to commemorate a Fatima observance in Portugal. All these papal actions together caused not a few grumbles as the session ground to an end.

On the very last day the Fathers did get their chance to vote on the Declaration on Non-Christian Religions. Indeed, there may well have been a cause-and-effect relationship here: many believe that there would have been no vote on the Jews either if the American-led reaction to the Religious Liberty roadblock had not been so strong. In any case, when they got a chance to cast their ballots, 1,651 Fathers voted a straight yes, 242 more voted yes with some suggested amendments, and only 99 voted against the declaration, despite all the maneuvering that had been done against it. For this overwhelming verdict we can all be deeply grateful. Passage of the declaration represents a historic move as far as all non-Christian religions are concerned, and a shamefully overdue effort at correcting the books where the Jews are concerned. The vote on the declaration ensures that this strong text will now remain as the approved basis to be submitted for final action in the fourth session—a guarantee that Religious Liberty lacks, leaving it susceptible to all kinds of maneuver and pressure in the meantime.

In the midst of the progressives' defeat on Religious Liberty, there were some who saw a bright spot in it all. Their great consolation was the instantaneous petition movement which sprang to life on the floor of the Council as soon as Cardinal Tisserant made his unwelcome announcement. The bishops, this view has it, are finally becoming conscious of their true role; they are learning initiative and responsibility, and this practical experience in collegiality is more important than one set-back on any single issue. There is, I suppose, something to be said for this view, at least as long as one does not forget the central fact: the bishops' reaction may have been a pioneer attempt at collegiality in action, and important for that reason, but it was in the end an attempt that failed. I don't think there is any use in glossing over that fact.

JAMES O'GARA

WASHINGTON REPORT

The J. Edgar Hoover Case

WHEN General MacArthur was recalled in April, 1951, Herblock drew a cartoon showing a two-headed MacArthur accepting the plaudits of the crown from an open automobile. One MacArthur was labeled "war hero" and the other "political leader," with Herblock's John Q. Public saying, "I am cheering for the one on this side."

Washington has somewhat the same ambivalent feeling about J. Edgar Hoover. Most people respect Hoover, the efficient, dedicated, career policeman. But there is a good deal of uneasiness about Hoover the self-appointed guardian of the nation's morals, critic of the judiciary, and free-lance philosopher. His extraordinary press conference with a group of women reporters on November 18 has deepened this uneasiness. It may also have hastened the departure of Hoover the policeman from public office.

The two Hoovers are inseparable and interdependent. Hoover would probably not have been able to build his bureau to its present size and influence—not to mention building his personal legend as the nation's No. 1 foe of crime and Communism—if he had not been master of the arts of publicity, bureaucratic in-fighting and congressional fence-mending. Like most strong men, he has strong opinions and he has sought power to advance those opinions.

He early learned the value of self-effacement—when it suited him—as one means to be employed toward his ends. He was only 29 when Harlan Fiske Stone, then Attorney General, chose him as bureau director

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in 1924. The agency was then discredited among liberals for its role in the Red scare of 1919-20. It was in general ill-repute for its complacent posture during the Justice Department scandals of the Harding administration. Hoover sensibly realized that for the time being the best publicity was no publicity. He also early understood the value of his nominally subordinate role under the Attorney General. Although he has exercised all the prerogatives of a political appointee such as making speeches, writing books, and issuing public statements on controversial policy matters, he has always been able to recede when necessary into his role as an impartial career civil servant, humbly doing the bidding of the President and the Attorney General. He has thus been able to have the best of both worlds, a feat envied and emulated by other high-level Washington bureaucrats but never for so long or so successfully.

The big lucky break of Hoover's career occurred in 1933 when Senator Tom Walsh, the Attorney-General-designate, died shortly before Franklin Roosevelt's first inaugural. Walsh distrusted Hoover and intended to fire him. Homer Cummings, his successor, retained Hoover. Frank Murphy, who next headed the Justice Department, was his active admirer. By the time Murphy departed for the Supreme Court in 1940, Hoover was so firmly entrenched in public and congressional esteem that he could not be displaced without a minor political crisis. Successive Presidents and Attorneys-General, whatever their private reservations about their famous subordinate, have invariably concluded that his ouster would not be worth the political trouble. Indeed, by 1953, after Harry Truman had appointed a series of weak men to head the Justice Department, it had become an unwritten law that a new Attorney General's first necessity was to establish friendly relations with Hoover.

HOOVER built the foundation of his fame on the FBI's success in solving several sensational kidnapping and bank robbery cases in the 1930's. It was during those years that he began to develop a public relations network of friendly Washington reporters and national columnists such as Walter Winchell. These favored members of the press extolled the Bureau and its director and in exchange received tips on cases about to break, interesting background and sidelights, and the rare on-the-record interview with Hoover himself. The agency cooperated in radio shows such as "This is Your FBI" and "The FBI in Peace and War." It also became the only national police agency that takes children on guided tours of its offices.

The investigation of domestic Communists and the loyalty and security programs for government employees that developed after 1945 produced a quantum leap in Hoover's power. He reached the point where he was giving endorsements to United States Senators. In 1953, he told a reporter in California, "I think well of Joe McCarthy, and I certainly trust he thinks well of me." In 1960, he sent a letter to Senator Karl Mundt of South Dakota commending him for his part in the fight against Communism. Mundt, who was then in the midst of a hard fight for re-election, made wide use of the letter in his campaign, an intended use of which Hoover could not have been unaware.

On Capitol Hill, Hoover has long since passed out of the range of criticism or normal congressional supervision. Representative John Rooney, Brooklyn Democrat, is chairman of the House Appropriations Subcommittee for the Senate and Justice Departments. He often gives the State Department a hard time on money matters, but in the past fifteen years he has never turned down a request from the FBI for additional agents or more funds. When Hoover appears to testify before congressional committees, the atmosphere is so thick with exchanges of congratulations and esteem that even reporters hardened to political hyperbole are embarrassed.

Against this background, it is scarcely astonishing that Hoover should feel free to slander Martin Luther King as a "notorious liar," dismiss the Warren Commission as Monday morning quarterbacks, and castigate the justices of the Supreme Court as "bleeding hearts." There is nothing new in any of this. The drive for Negro equality simply does not engage Hoover's personal interest in the way that combatting crime and Communism do. If it did interest him, he would not espouse the narrow concept of his responsibilities that is his current line. He does not regard his authority as so meager and limited in other kinds of cases. He reacted vehemently to Dr. King's criticisms of the FBI because he resents the fact that the Bureau has been drawn so deeply into the whole civil rights controversy. As for his attack on the Warren Commission, Hoover is intolerant of criticism from any quarter. His public scorn for "bleeding hearts" reaches back more than twenty-five years. He has long been crusading against easy parole, probation systems, new ways of treating juvenile offenders, psychiatrically-oriented judges, and all liberal theories of crime and penology.

Dr. King and the Negro leaders who rallied to his defense were reluctant to be drawn into a test of strength between the civil rights organizations and Hoover's inchoate but powerful support. President Johnson is equally reluctant. But he is also jealous of his own authority and dislikes subordinates who cause him needless political difficulties. Hoover is likely to escape this time with nothing more than a private presidential lecture, but a year from now when his over-70 status as FBI Director is again up for renewal, Mr. Johnson may find ways to encourage his retirement.

WILLIAM V. SHANNON

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Report from Rome

Triumphs and Failures

GREGORY BAUM

THE LAST weeks of the Council were full of anxieties. The atmosphere was strained. This was partially due to the exhaustion of the bishops: the amount of work was enormous, especially for those on conciliar Commissions. The other reason for the anxiety was the lack of information on what was happening behind the scenes and the consequent apprehensiveness about it.

In modern Western governments we always know what person or office is competent to make decisions, and the procedure of decision-making is public knowledge. At the Vatican these things are different. One simply does not know what man or what office is responsible for certain decisions, one does not know what procedures are used to arrive at these decisions; and because the work is being carried on behind the scenes, no one is well informed about the state of things. Since public opinion cannot act as a corrective, one is never quite sure whether the decisions made somewhere, by someone, have been made responsibly. This whole secretive world is frightening. That the Church of the Lord in some of its governmental forms should have remained in this pre-democratic pattern of monarchical court life causes the most painful anguish and depression.

There was a long delay in the publication of the amended document *De Ecclesia*. Everyone knew that the Theological Commission had finished its work, yet the booklets containing the corrections were not distributed. The delay was undoubtedly due to the pressure of the small but powerful minority. Because of this constant pressure from the minority it seems that the Pope himself could not make up his mind whether to permit the handing out of the amended text of *De Ecclesia*. There were rumors—which turned out to be correct—that a special statement was to be presented to the Council Fathers which would explain or possibly limit the significance of Chapter 3. On Thursday morning, November 12, an extraordinary meeting of the Theological Commission was called; *periti* were excluded and special secret was imposed on the Fathers. Something was about to happen which someone did not want to be made public. This lack of confidence in the Council, the pressures, the secrecy, the uncertainty—all this did not help make the atmosphere serene.

But whatever happened in the secret meeting, the Fathers of the Theological Commission held out. They defended the text approved by the Council; and by doing that they defended the conciliar principle as such. The amended text of *De Ecclesia* was distributed to the Fathers on Saturday, November 14, and eagerly reading through the pages they discovered that the doctrine of Chapter 3 had been left untouched. There were no significant changes.

There was, however, an explanatory note which was to be regarded as an authentic interpretation of the chapter. The first intention of the note may have been to limit the doctrine of Chapter 3, and to appease the curial party, but thanks to the courageous work of the Theological Commission the *final form* of this note, the only one made public, does not in any way modify or limit the teaching of Chapter 3. This is my firm conviction after having studied the text carefully. There is a single sentence in the note which is a little obscure and which might encourage the idea, upheld by certain members of the minority, that the power of the College is derived from the power of the pope. But since this interpretation would go against the trend of the entire Chapter 3 and since the sentence also permits of another interpretation, there is no reason to be worried. Chapter 3 stands.

AFTER hearing about the tremendous excitement connected with this Chapter 3, informed Catholics may have expected a document strongly emphasizing some democratic principles. In reality, however, Chapter 3 is written very cautiously. The primacy of the pope is mentioned not once, but more than twenty times. Everything that is said about the college of bishops (which always includes the pope) is immediately balanced by the corresponding prerogative of the pope acting alone in virtue of his primacy in teaching and ruling. At the same time, the doctrine of collegiality is truly and clearly taught in Chapter 3. The bishops of the Church, through their consecration, are co-responsible for the teaching and ruling of the Church univer-

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sal. This teaching will eventually modify the governmental structure and the exercise of authority in the Catholic Church.

The schema of propositions on the missionary activity of the Church brought new drama to the Council. As all the Commissions are (alas) chaired by the curial cardinals in charge of the corresponding Roman Congregation, so is the Commission on the Missions, which had prepared the schema, chaired by the president of the Congregation for the Propagation of the Faith. The new ideas proposed in the Commission were all too often regarded as a criticism of the Propagation and were not given adequate expression. When the schema came on the Council floor, the Fathers of the Council were told that the Pope had decided to spend a working day with them; sitting on the simple chair of the presiding prelate, Pope Paul made a short speech on the missionary work of the Church recommending the present schema. This was a little embarrassing, since the bishops did not like the schema at all; they were wondering who had slipped this speech into the Pope's hand. After the Pope had left, the schema was figuratively torn up into little pieces in the debate. When the time came for voting, a great majority sent it back to the Commission to be rewritten. Some curial cardinals felt that the Council should have approved the document after the Pope had publicly declared in favor of it. What had happened was something new. The bishops exercised their collegiality.

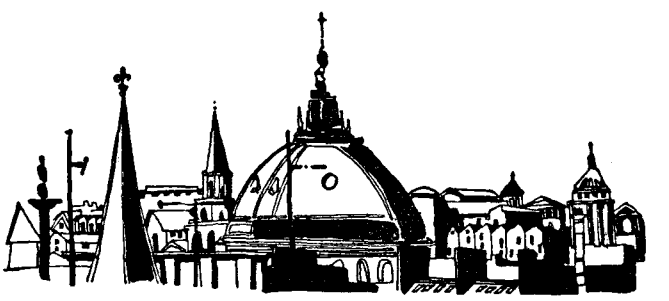
Then came the schema of propositions on the renewal of religious orders. Again the Commission which had prepared the document is chaired by the curial cardinal in charge of the Congregation of Religious, and consequently the new ideas proposed by some of the excellent bishops of this Commission could not assert themselves. On the floor the statement was praised by a number of prelates; it was attacked rather ruthlessly by Cardinals Doepfner and Suenens who, with other bishops, are particularly conscious of the need for reform of religious orders. The first point made was that this reform required the renewal of spirituality. In the formation of religious there must be a return to the sources of faith; a return to Scripture and liturgy, a return to the one model of Christians and especially of Religious who is Jesus Christ Himself, and a spiritual assimilation of the present conciliar teaching of the Church.

The second main point that was made also belongs to the theological level. Cardinal Suenens insisted that there has been a tendency in religious life, even in active orders, to regard personal sanctity as the primary end of their state and the apostolate as secondary end. Very often this secondary end was presented as if it were at odds with the quest for personal sanctity, as if a little bit of apostolate was all right but too much of it would weaken the search for personal perfection. One filled up one's spiritual tanks in the morning by Mass and meditation, realizing that being with people during the day the precious juices would be seeping away. Several bishops spoke against this division of ends into primary and secondary. As Cardinal Bea put it, religious consecration to Christ means also consecration to His mystical body: the two cannot be separated. The quest for personal sanctity of the active religious, man or woman, must take on such a form that the apostolate is not an obstacle to it but rather the environment in which this sanctity is nourished by God.

ALL THE practical, institutional changes to be made in religious orders follow from theological principles. Cardinal Suenens spoke of a reinterpretation of the vows, freeing them from their highly individualistic orientation and emphasizing that through these vows the consecrated man or woman exists for others, for the kingdom, for the community. There was a consensus among several speakers that in this way religious obedience must be rethought. The obedience to which a religious man or woman is called must include a sharing of responsibility in matters affecting the community as a whole and the apostolate in which they are engaged.

Should this schema be sent back to the Commission or should it be voted upon proposition by proposition? The Council Fathers who voted to send it back to the Commission did not achieve the required majority. So the votes on the individual propositions were to take place. But these Council Fathers, by now used to conciliar practices, did not give up. Concrete modifications of the present document were produced by a group of theologians with Cardinal Doepfner and Suenens, were typed and mimeographed in a certain theological college into the early hours of the morning, were distributed to the bishops all over Rome in time to be studied by them, with the humble request that they may vote *placet iuxta modum* and submit the modifications received.

The operation worked. When the propositions were submitted to the vote, most of them were not simply approved, but rather approved with modifications in such great numbers, sometimes over a thousand, that the Commission following the conciliar statutes is obliged to rework the text and take account of the wishes of the Fathers.



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After the schema on religious was sent back to be rewritten in this somewhat unusual way, the schema of propositions on seminaries came on the Council floor. It was received rather kindly, mainly because in the very first proposition it conceded to the Episcopal Conferences the responsibility and freedom of adapting the seminaries in their area to the needs of the Church. The schema intended to present a few general principles which were then to be applied according to the various needs of the Church by the national or regional conferences of bishops. This move towards decentralization was appreciated.

However, many new ideas for seminary education were brought forward. It was generally recognized that we have here a topic of tremendous importance. The renewal of the Church and the communication of the grace of the Council to the Christian people will depend largely on the seminary training to be given to the candidates for the clergy.

Among the many significant remarks that were made, I wish to mention the criticism of the present division of studies at seminaries, which assigns two years of philosophy to precede the four years of theology. For several reasons, some of the Fathers were convinced that it would be better to begin seminary education with scriptural and liturgical studies (which would at the same time offer a spiritual formation for men who want to serve the kingdom as priests) and only after some years take up the study of systematic theology with the appropriate courses of philosophy necessary to understand our theological tradition.

In this way the entire spiritual education would be more biblically and liturgically orientated and provide an intellectual background which prepares the seminarian for pastoral action. In this context the exclusive emphasis on scholasticism and the philosophy and theology of St. Thomas was criticized. Some bishops defended the philosophical thought of St. Thomas as the authoritative measure of truth. But Cardinal Leger said (to applause): "Unhappy the man of a single book, unhappy the Church of a single doctor!"

A FEW days later, when the vote on the entire schema on the Church was taken, there was a renewed reference to the explanatory note and it was indicated that even the voting at the public sessions of the Council, on the day of its promulgation, would be taken according to the explication supplied in this note. Procedurally this is certainly most strange! However excellent the note may be, it is not a conciliar text, it has never been discussed by the Council, it has been proposed by the Theological Commission in the name of the supreme authority in the Church, probably the Pope. Since conciliar constitutions are of much greater doctrinal importance than statements made by Roman Congregations or even by the Pope himself (unless he speaks *ex cathedra*), it is highly confusing, to say the least, to add an extrinsic note as the explanation of a conciliar text. Since in fact the note does not add or take anything away from Chapter 3, the matter has little practical importance, but the non-conciliar procedure caused a good deal of consternation.

More consternation was to come. The Declarations on Religious Liberty and on the Church's Attitude to Non-Christians Including the Jews had been elaborated by the Secretariat of Christian Unity. They were ready before the end of October, but the secret activity of the organizers of the Council was sufficient to delay the printing and distribution of the two Declarations till the last few days of the Council. The Declaration on Liberty was finally handed out to the Fathers on Tuesday, November 17, and the one on non-Christians on Wednesday, November 18. It was announced that voting would take place on Thursday, November 19, on Liberty and on the next day, Friday, on Non-Christians.

It should be added that the Secretariat of Christian Unity had elaborated the two Declarations considerably, following the wishes of the Council Fathers. In order to appease the minority party opposed to religious liberty, a few paragraphs were introduced on the freedom and the rights of the Church, on the Church's claim to have received the full truth from the Lord, and on the historical evolution of the Church's teaching on liberty, attempting to show that there has never been a real change in the magisterium. Many bishops of the majority were a little displeased with these remarks. They felt that the Secretariat had gone too far in its concessions. The basic principle of religious liberty as the strict right of every man and every religious community is, of course, clearly asserted in the Declaration.

The Declaration on the Jews has also been transformed. A document was prepared briefly with the religions of the world, then with Islam and finally, as the religion most closely connected to the Church, with the offspring of Abraham, the people of the ancient covenant, the Jews. In this way the purely religious intention of the Declaration is made more evident, at least to men of good will. There was a real hope that the Fathers who had opposed the document because of political pressures would be able to vote in favor of it with a good conscience. The paragraph on the Jews, it may be mentioned, was substantially the original one, save several small but significant corrections introduced after the bishops' speeches.

ON WEDNESDAY it was announced that some bishops had protested that the vote on religious liberty was to be taken the next day, Thursday. These bishops claimed they did not have the time to study the text, especially since it contained several new paragraphs.

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The Moderators and Presidents decided that the following day, Thursday, a vote was to be taken whether or not the Fathers want to vote on religious liberty. If the answer were Yes (and no one doubted for a moment that the overwhelming majority is in favor of religious liberty), the voting on the Declaration would follow immediately.

On Thursday however the incredible thing happened. Cardinal Tisserant as the presiding cardinal of the Presidents' Table announced that more protests had come from bishops who did not want to vote on religious liberty and that the Presidents had therefore decided that there would be no vote whatsoever. The bishops were stunned. Within a few minutes the American and Canadian bishops gathered in groups, Cardinals Meyer, Ritter and Leger moved into action, an urgent written appeal was made to the Pope and within half an hour about 800 signatures had been put under it. The Council wanted the freedom to express its mind by a vote. Other episcopal groups also took action. In the midst of this excitement, Bishop de Smedt was asked to read the report on the Declaration on Religious Liberty. The great orator was deeply moved; his voice trembled. What is the purpose of this document?, he asked. The world wants to know what the Catholic Church really thinks about liberty of conscience. Are we in favor of religious liberty only when it suits us? Or do we really respect the dignity of the human person and acknowledge the right of the individual to freedom in religious matters? These simple questions sounded like accusations, for what the bishops had just experienced was the suppression of the Council's freedom to express itself in a vote, and this by devious methods of behind-the-scenes action. We were deeply moved. I saw bishops and priests with tears in their eyes. We were defeated by a tiny minority. How could they act in this way unless they believed that the Pope was behind them? After Bishop de Smedt's speech applause broke out in the whole conciliar hall and refused to subside: the bishops were not allowed to speak, they were not allowed to vote, but at least they could clap their hands; and on this sad day in the history of the Catholic Church the bishops in great numbers, in overwhelming majority, saved the honor of the Council by a prolonged applause of protest and affirmation.

AS IF there had not been enough bad news, another announcement was made. The supreme authority, in other words the Pope, had decided to insert certain changes into the text of *De Oecumenismo,* which had already voted on, chapter by chapter, and received the full approval of the Council. No explanations were given. The Pope could have easily sent his suggestions to the proper Commission, in this case to the Secretariat of Christian Unity, in order that they be discussed, approved and inserted into the text while it was being under consideration. But by waiting till the chapter was entirely approved by the Council Fathers and then, in virtue of his supreme authority, to insist that the modifications be introduced, he manifested a lack of confidence in the 2000 bishops who had approved the text and placed himself outside of the conciliar procedure.

The Pope has certainly the authority to do this. But whether he does not ultimately lose prestige and weaken the bishops' attachment to him is a question one may well ask. Since the coherence of the hierarchy and the entire Church is ultimately based not on juridical bonds but on faith, love, good will, cooperation, and the readiness to make sacrifices, the insistence on authority at the wrong moment can destroy the ties of loyalty and thus produce the very opposite effect. Fortunately the changes proposed by the Pope were rather small, a few words here and there, which did not alter the text substantially but merely insisted a little more on the fullness of truth in the Catholic Church.

This was a terrible day, indeed. The observers suffered with us. One of them, a good and loyal friend of the Catholic Church, said these awful words: "Today we have seen the naked face of what we have always feared in the Roman Church."

The same morning the Italian newspapers reported that the day before, Pope Paul, speaking before a group of people, announced that on the last day of the Council he would declare the Blessed Virgin Mary to be "Mother of the Church." After the Council had decided not to give this new title to Mary, after the chapter on our Lady had been voted in with only about 30 votes against it, the Pope decided to introduce this new title into the Catholic vocabulary. The Pope had certainly taken the side of the minority.

The hopes were still high that on the following day, Friday, the last working day of the session, the decision to postpone the vote on Liberty would be reversed by the Pope in awareness of the desire of the Council. Yet on the next day, Cardinal Tisserant announced that the Pope had decided to stand by the decision of the Presidency and that he wanted the Council Fathers to know that Liberty will be the first subject, if possible, on the agenda of the fourth session. A few hands applauded.

On the same Friday, the document on the Catholic Churches of the East was put to the vote of the Council Fathers. Though the document had been greatly criticized in the conciliar debate, it had hardly been changed. There is no space here to tell the whole story. One thing is certain: the document will not make our relations with the separated Eastern Churches more ecumenical. Perhaps this is of minor importance at this point. For after the interpretation of papal primacy which was manifested in the last two days of this session, the ecumenical relations with the Orthodox Churches will remain cool a very long time.

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In the meantime, a document on marriage legislation was being discussed on the Council floor. The paragraph recommending a more ecumenical approach on mixed marriages was alternately attacked and defended by the Fathers. Again space is lacking to report on the significance of this issue.

ONE excellent thing did happen on this last working day of the third session: the vote on the Declaration on the Church's attitude to non-Christians Including the Jews. Till the last moment we feared that some action of the curial circles which had opposed this document from the outset, would succeed in preventing this vote; but is was probably the vehement disappointment of the Council Fathers over the decision on Liberty that served as a warning not to touch the other Declaration at this moment. The outcome of the vote was very strong. There were favorable votes on the two parts of the Declaration; and the final vote on the whole Declaration produced only 99 *non placet* voices among approximately 2000 Fathers. Since the number of *modi* or modifications proposed in this vote were only 241, the text of the Declaration is firmly established and remains quite safe until promulgation in the fourth session. This extremely positive result, more positive than we expected, may well have been due to the desire of the Council Fathers to show their confidence in Cardinal Bea and the Secretariat of Unity after the humiliations of the previous day.

The memories of these days will pass away. What remains are the magnificant documents on the nature of the Church and on Ecumenism. They will renew the mind and mentality of the Catholic Church, and God Who is always merciful despite our infidelities, will through these conciliar documents bring us closer to the Gospel of His Son.

To the Jew, Israel Means Redemption

Notes on Israel

DANIEL M. FRIEDENBERG

I NEVER THOUGHT I would see Israel. "Next year in Jerusalem": how many millions of Jews have chanted this mystical phrase in foreign lands at each Passover through almost two thousand years. In my youth it was mishmash and superstition, nonsense out of the dark ages which the smart, the modern person could not believe. Bearded patriarchs, Hebrew bedouins, tented polygamists, unleavened bread and bitter herbs—what did this gibberish mean to me! I was a 20th century American, a product of the industrial age and an agnostic as well.

Then Adolf Hitler came to power. Hitler, who not only would brand me and my "progressive" kind as Jews, and Jews unto the third polluted generation, but would first make us wear the yellow star in derision and then force us into death camps. And Hitler was not alone. There were, in varying stages of the disease, Father Coughlin, Lindbergh and the American Firsters. There were the many ordinary Americans who shared their views.

I never thought I would see Israel. And I had an archaic desire to kiss the ground when I got off the plane. It was ridiculous, irrational; but my heart, my primitive heart said Blessings on this land. Be it blessed.

TEL AVIV. Item One. Testimony in the trial of a sadistic guard at Auschwitz, as quoted in the local newspaper (The Jewish block leader is testifying): " 'They sent me a dozen children. The youngest was about three or four years old. I had them clothed. The children came running to me, clung around my legs and cried out 'Help us, block leader, we are going to be gassed.' The little ones knew what was happening. They flailed their little arms and cried out 'We are strong, we can still work. Help us.' Then I saw how Kaduk [the death camp guard], wielding the pistol in his hand, drove the children away and to their death in the gas chambers.' "

Item Two. A woman from Casablanca sat next to me on a local tour. She had come "to look over Israel" in order to settle there. The family had a good business in Morocco. "But there is no security. The Istiqlal Party is campaigning that King Hassan is doing nothing about the Jews and Zionism. Here I feel secure. No one is against me."

Item Three. In a store on Allenby Road I met an American officer, chest loaded with decorations, a veteran of several wars. He told me he had been head of the American Legion in New York. He exclaimed in horror over the death of Douglas MacArthur. I had

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just read the sensational account in which General MacArthur had strongly urged "creating a cobalt belt" along the Yalu River in Korea. It strained my patriotism to guess who was closer, my fellow American, this professional warrior and admirer of MacArthur, or the shopkeeper who could not speak English . . .

To feel at home. Here is the key. No Jew in our time, given Hitler, Russian anti-Semitism, Arab hostility and sporadic acts in America, feels completely at home in the Diaspora. We may say we do but we lie, if not to the others, to ourselves. Zionism may be a myth, a counter-reaction to the Aryan cult, an imperialistic contrivance—what you will—but it is real because we can feel at home here. We are among our own kind, be they tall or short, blond or brunette, light- or dark-skinned. The Israelis may cheat and lie and even stab us in the back but they will not do it because we are Jews.

This is momentous. One is not mumbling a deaf soliloquy all the time: "Does he like me despite that fact? Does he know? If he knew, would it make any difference?"

And so many other things. Here in Israel one can forget Christianity, both the threat and the seduction of the majority religion. Here one doesn't hate Jesus anymore because Christ is no longer an ominous symbol . . . one can view him historically . . . or better, with total indifference. One can argue the merits and demerits of socialism intelligently and not worry that it is a "Jew" talking. One can spout pure atheism . . . and be a good Jew! The cramps come out of all the hidden muscles in the deepest part of the brain. When we stop mocking ourselves, we need not mock others. Even the acquisitive drive, that second reflex of the insecure, starts to fizz stale. We might screw the other guy but it won't be quite the same way. We don't need to. After all, he is only a human being and not the Potential Adversary.

To put it on another level, to be in Tel Aviv is like living at Miami Beach without the need of big diamond rings and mink jackets.

Then there is the creative power of words. Habimah, Yehuda Hamaccabi, Mendele, Pinsker, Ben Yehuda—to see the name 'yehuda' and not cringe inwardly, to know that 'Yakov' is not called 'Jack' by the bright young man to avoid being identified. To feel pride at the very word 'Israel'; Israel a country and not a person with a black beard and a skull cap on the subway platform whom you furtively glance at. To see Hebrew letters standing in electric blue on buildings, not small black weird print read wrong way from a book that you were once ashamed of.

Not to loathe oneself. This is Eretz Yisrael. To use your hands wildly to make a point instead of restraining them when the well-bred stranger curls his lips in a slight smile. To speak a little too loud and not care. Not to tip that extra quarter to buy a moment's psychic peace. To let the Yiddish phrase come out without thinking who you are talking to. Not to wonder whether the Mediterranean humidity will make your hair too kinky or the hot sun will brown the skin too much. To feel Judaism as a garb of no great importance, but still that coat one needs in winter to keep warm at the family hearth. This is Israel. And this may also be what the theologians call redemption.

BEERSHEBA. I have been to the Negev for three days. Our bus was filled with a widely international group. But I noticed certain common elements among the Jews. Few persons were religious and even among those there was a great tolerance for non-religious Zionists. Most shared a passionate belief in Israel, translated either into a physical desire to settle in the country or a spiritual kinship with its aims. None showed the slightest touch of race feeling. All were embedded in the Biblical history of the land, through deep knowledge or early studies.

And I began to realize how wise were those ancient rabbis who turned in on themselves when the Romans scourged the land. That which I had thought mere superstition and gibberish in my youth would have indeed been just that—separated from the burning desire to return to Judaea! For the whole range and meaning of Jewish education is linked to the land of Israel, indeed is incomprehensible without the explicit idea of earthly salvation through the homeland. Those peddlers on the open steppes of Russia, those shopkeepers of Warsaw and Bucharest, those village dwellers in the wastes of Poland and Ukraine, were strangers in the land of the foreigner and well knew it. When Moses Mendelssohn taught the Jews of Germany the German language and culture, then it was that the Yeshiva school and the Hebrew ritual began to look ridiculous: then it was that the grandchildren of Moses Mendelssohn turned Christian.

Arnold J. Toynbee was right in one sense when he called the Jews a fossil people, but infinitely wrong if religious faith has any meaning. For the ancient rabbis deliberately fossilized the Jewish religion, or better yet, made it a Sleeping Beauty that only the Prince Israel could awaken again to life. Jewish education was indeed the creation of a fossil—but a fossil that was a chrysalis, a rigid cocoon within which nested the larvae of a new life waiting for the return in maturity to Israel. Unless this is grasped, the whole meaning of almost two thousand years is without sense; but once understood, the idea shines forth as the most brilliant educational scheme ever devised to deal with crisis.

And what has this to do with American Jewry, with the third and fourth generation who regard their Jewish origin as a hindrance to enter this or that university, country club or profession? Or who go to a reform synagogue where the service is unitarian without the

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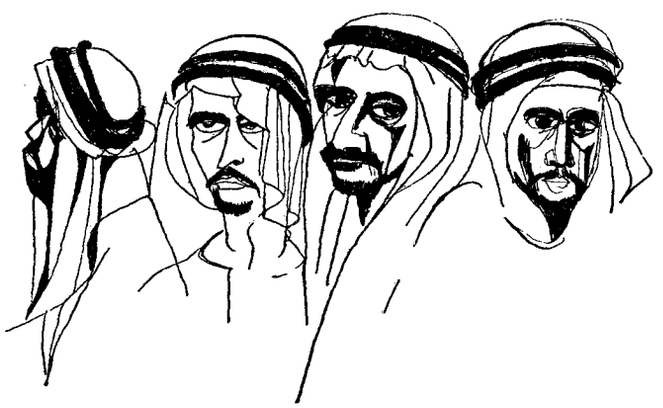
name of Jesus and the organist hired from the local church plays Bach cantatas written in praise of the Savior?

Nothing, is the most probable answer. Failing a link with Hebrew and failing the impulse to participate in some way in the destiny of the Promised Land, we indeed make a fossil of Judaism. Without the taste of the sands of the Negev in the mouth, without the smell of orange blossoms blowing out to the Mediterranean, without the bleak ridges of Galilee and the Dead Sea rift in the eye, without the harsh sound of Hebrew in the ear—without these in flesh or spirit—one is dead to Jewish values. For Judaism is different from other religions, and its people is a strange people and not like the others. Modern times have destroyed the ghetto the Christians so usefully provided. The invisible ghetto the Jews built in nineteenth-century America is beginning to crumble. Unless one identifies the essence of Judaism with this miraculous state, then the Jews will indeed be like unto other peoples and the religion will fade away by the secular corrosion of time.

EILAT. The Arabs of Israel form an "internal proletariat" separate and distinct from the poor. This was apparent at Jaffa, next door to Tel Aviv, where the class structure to a large extent follows the Jewish-Arab cleavage. In the south it is even more evident. I arrived in Beersheba on market day for the Bedouins. Busloads of tourists had come especially to see the desert nomads. The Bedouins ignored the visitors and stared ahead with seeming bland indifference. And I found myself —in sympathy with them! For in an historic sense the Bedouins were the 'Jews,' the despised minority, and we were the herrenfolk, the 'goyim.'

At an outpost of the Zim Desert, to the extreme south of the Negev, we stopped for a break in the long ride. Two sentries bearing rifles were leaning against the building wall. A man fluent in Hebrew talked to them. He reported in an amazed tone that "one was an Arab." The tourists flocked round, almost prodding the Arab in disbelief. "Why does he have a rifle? What is he doing here?" A woman from North Africa said "Shalom" in an aggressive voice as we left. The Arab smiled and answered "Shalom." He smiled, yes, but what did he think,



he in the land of his forefathers, treated as an outsider by a tourist from another continent.

There are times, Kierkegaard wrote in his defense of Christianity, when there must be a "suspension of the ethical" for the reasons of God. If Abraham was right to sacrifice Isaac when God commanded, then we should not be so finicky in the hour of danger for Israel. Still, the reasoning sticks in the throat of a Jew who remembers the same argument was applied against us before, always against us. One feels uneasy . . . one swallows the uneasiness . . . but the bad taste remains.

JERUSALEM. This late afternoon I walked from the center of town to Mount Zion. I sat on a bench in the little park on the summit and looked over the Gehenna, the Valley of Hell, while the sun set and the Jordanian sentry shifted his position high on the tower across the frontier. Then I walked down under the Crusader ogival arches, under the minaret the Arabs built astride the Crusader walls for their muezzin to summon the faithful to prayer, past the room where Christ was claimed to have celebrated his Passover, the Last Supper, and to the iron rod fence in front of King David's tomb. An aged Jewish woman, with her face swathed in a head scarf, was peering through the bars. Here on Mount Zion, before the tomb of King David, here was the spot millions and millions of devout Jews for nearly two millennia had prayed in vain to see before dying. And here I was in the dark of evening.

And I thought of the Christian Messiah, the crucified lay rabbi from Nazareth. I thought of Karl Marx, a rabbi's grandson from Treves in Germany, the secular Messiah of our time. I thought of Moses Mendelssohn's Lutheran grandchildren. And I thought of the present seed of Otto Kahn, of the Schiffs . . . of my own grandchildren yet unborn.

The onus of being Jewish, of being a minority. Yet the grandiose ruins of the Roman Forum, which so excite the tourist of ancient time and ancient deed, only came into being 2,000 years after this hill of Zion first entered recorded history. Our people had been expelled from this land, returned, conquered again and freed themselves anew before the Romans had learned to wage imperial war. When a Jewish Prime Minister of Great Britain told an insulting Irish member of Parliament that his ancestors had lived in bog marshes while those of Disraeli were building palaces of gold, the conservative English lords applauded. Mr. Prime Minister was too tactful to add that the English at the same time were living in chalk caves.

What is this shame of the seed of Shem, of the Semites, before the men of the north? Ibn Battuta, the famed Moslem fourteenth-century world chronicler—writing over a thousand years after the destruction of the Second Temple on Mount Moriah—thought it not worth travelling in Europe north of Spain. It was ob-

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vious to him that the culture of the barbarians was too inferior to deserve attention. For a mere six hundred years, little more time that the Hebrews spent in captivity in Egypt, the people of Northern Europe have had mastery, and only undisputed mastery for about half that time.

This is a small bite in the life of Israel. Why shame of our past, of our looks, of our ways? We gave the men of Europe their God and their religion . . . and they repaid us for the large part with organized death. And yet history writing is far from over. New historians, future Ibn Battutas, will re-evaluate. And Mount Zion shall still stand.

JERUSALEM. I spent the entire day in the ultra-orthodox quarter known as Mea She'arim, where the Jews still live physically and spiritually clothed as they did before the French Revolution. This small area, which only contains some 5,000 persons, is mocked by Jewish tourists. I was in search of the ghost of my father's father, who had emigrated from the United States in 1900 and lived the last twenty years of his life in Mea She'arim. I spoke to shopkeepers, old sages, an ancient rabbi. I was wandering back through a dream where the world of the golem and dybbuk still resided. And deep in my subconscious stirred nameless thoughts, pre-birth memories, fears and shibboleths.

Why do the tourists ridicule these men? What makes them speak of the black-garbed figures with a contempt they do not reserve for the dress of Roman Catholic nuns and monks? Why do they mock these beards when Greek Orthodox priests are passed in reverence? The men of Mea She'arim are different, not inferior. Their land is not so much Israel as Yerushlayim the sacred, the dovecote of King David, the site of the Covenant of the Lord—they are at the same time more modern and less modern because they are beyond nationalism and only wedded to the idea of righteousness. In a way judged perverse, but perhaps more just, they are closer to the fountain inspiring humane socialist ideas than the bureaucratic Communist leaders ever can be. Why are they so scorned by other Jews, and especially Americans?

The answer, I believe—and it welled up from exploring my own psyche—is that the contempt is an inverted form of fear, fear of being labeled like them, with dirty beards and ghetto clothing; and most relevant, fear of really being them, fear that we are truly the same men with private showers instead of ritual baths, with cars instead of canes, with factual textbooks (and how the modern Jew loves to be 'objective' through worship of science and art) instead of books of the Torah. The American Jew shudders inside himself when he sees Mea She'arim because he knows that he is only generations removed, that deep in his heart he is still there, that the Rights of Man may only be a list of Brooks Brothers suits, fur jackets, diamond rings, country homes in Greenwich or Beverly Hills or Palm Beach; the fear, at bottom, he is not yet a *goy* who happens to be an "American of Jewish origin."

HAIFA. I have met many American tourists in Israel. The vast majority were older people, middle class in origin, first generation, often using the lingua franca of Yiddish. Proudly American, they also openly affirmed themselves as Jews—in most cases they could hardly do otherwise. Many were religious. Yet I could not find one case of an American desiring to settle in Israel. They were pleased with the state, zealous in its behalf, were more (and at times in a silly way) anti-Arab than the Israelis: but all this had nothing to do with physical emigration. As proud as they were of Israel, they were more proud of being American, indeed of bearing the emblem of America on their shoulders by speaking English loudly, by passionate declaration of loyalty to the United States.

I tried to probe deeper why they were not interested in settling in Israel. A good part was economic. There is a large thread of pragmatism in American personality, which often expresses itself in deepest concern for feathering one's own nest. The tourists were no exception. Indeed, who but an alien or idealist would move to Israel? And these persons were neither aliens nor idealists. In the invisible ghettos of America they move as free men, not even aware how their own skill has built a new kind of cage. In a sense they do not need Israel because they have created little Israels—greatly helped, one may add, by the gentile community—throughout the breadth of America. They thus have the best of both worlds: they quiet their conscience by tithing to the religion; and they retain the coveted symbol of United States citizenry.

These men will pass from the scene in the next two decades. Their children will then form the substance of American Jewry. What will be the reaction of these children, native-born and with the Hitler epoch forgotten?

My intuitive feeling is that there will be an accelerated drift toward complete assimilation. America is not only Protestant-Catholic-Jew, as often stated. There is a third position, not anti-religious but "comfortably skeptical." There is even a fourth position, anti-religious,

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contemptuous of all religions in the name of abstract humanity. Many younger Jews tend to embrace these third and fourth positions. A pride in Israel, the rebirth of servile Jews into farmers and soldiers, has tended to slow this assimilative process for a generation. But this too shall pass. Nothing fails like success, in the sense that the creation of Israel has dulled the feelings roused two decades ago. Unless an economic crisis excites new anti-Semitism in the United States, the tendency will be for American Jews to move toward a complete loss of identity.

Any close reading of history—in the case of Babylon in the fifth century B.C., of Palestine itself under the Greek rulers several hundred years later, of Spain in Inquisition times and Germany in the nineteenth century—shows that the vast majority of Jews have a deep compulsion to assimilate, to be "like everyone else" when given the opportunity. Indeed, few heroes are made in abstraction anywhere. France, England and Italy (partly due to their mass guilt over passivity in the Hitler period) are now giving the Jews the opportunity to be absorbed without pain. America is only slightly behind. And the offer will be accepted for the large part.

One can of course argue with certain snippers of dialectic that "Zion" over eighteen centuries has become a pure thought removed from the national and even the specifically religious, that Zion is the spiritual essence of perfection, of love of humanity; and hence "Zion" motivates all who dream of a better world everywhere for men—the poets, the reformers, even the scientists whether Jewish or not. But this is no longer Zion of the land of Israel, the covenant whereby God keeps Israel as the medium to transmit His love for humanity, the universalism of the prophets tied to the sacred trust of the specific land. In this sense, young American Jewry is to a very large extent lost; both for Israel and, one may add if he is religious, for God.

Yet for the Zionist, whether young or old, Israel . . . is Israel. Without the messianic impulse—and the redemption of the land is implied as well as the coming of the Messiah—Israel is only a tiny aborted state of fantastic frontiers and peoples. But Ezekiel prophesied: "And they shall say, this land that was desolate is become like the garden of Eden." And without this dream the fantastic energy, the joy, the liberation of the Israeli people cannot be explained. "Credo quia absurdum" said Tertullian about Christianity, not that I believe because it is absurd, but despite its absurdity I still believe and the absurdity makes it even more miraculous.

A Choice Between Isolation or Absorption?

The Vanishing Race

LAWRENCE T. KING

AT THE TIME of Columbus' discovery of America, there were about a million Indians north of what is now Mexico. By 1890, the year U.S. troops fought the last major battle against the Indians at Wounded Knee in South Dakota, their number had declined to about 200,000. Today, the Indian population is placed well above 500,000 and is expected to exceed the pre-Columbian figure by 1984.

Despite the repeated attempts to glamorize the Indians' staying power, there was never anything colorful or attractive in their refusal to accept the role of "vanishing Americans." Those who survived the relentless thrust of "Manifest Destiny" were consigned to an equally cruel struggle against starvation by the destruction of the buffalo herds and other wildlife upon which they depend. Today, their descendants are still engaged in that elemental struggle while the land that has been wrested from them produces the most prodigious wealth the world has ever known.

In 1894, a Lieutenant Plummer, who was serving as a federal agent to the Navajos, wrote the Commissioner of Indian Affairs:

"The idea that the Navajos are self-supporting is certainly erroneous . . . They are poor and getting poorer, and unless assisted materially very soon, they will have to resort to stealing the cattle of their white neighbors."

Things have not changed much in 70 years. Letters still are being written by agents to the Bureau of Indian Affairs, tribal representatives are forever traveling to Washington, the Congressional hopper always seems to have a fair share of bills intended to alleviate the situation, but somehow the Indian remains on the lowest rung of the American economic ladder.

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Statistics compiled by the Council on Indian Affairs show the Indian has the highest death rate and the highest birth rate—twice that of other Americans—with a life expectancy of 42 years compared to 62 for the general population; the highest unemployment rate, averaging nearly 50 percent compared to 8.8 percent for Negroes and 5.1 percent for the population as a whole; the lowest educational level of achievement and the highest illiteracy rate; the least political power; and the lowest standard of living.

There are many factors responsible for the Indians' poverty. Their reservations are isolated and not sufficiently productive. They also are handicapped by educational deficiencies. In 1950, 20.7 percent or 60,265 Indians over five years of age had no formal schooling. This figure has been reduced considerably by an intensified program of adult education and more rigid enforcement of compulsory education laws, but the latest available figures show that there are still about 9,000 children without school facilities. Thousands of others must leave their families to attend federal schools far from home. It is not difficult to understand why so many children never complete the first eight grades and why the high school drop-out rate is as high as 60 percent.

Poor health is another formidable obstacle in the path of economic betterment. Among Indians, the incidence of measles, hepatitis and dysentery is three or four times higher than that of the general population. Despite considerable progress in reducing the tuberculosis rate during the past decade, it still is four times the general rate. Diseases controlled elsewhere are a direct reflection of the reservations' substandard housing, inadequate diet, unsafe water systems and general unsanitary conditions.

IN THE PAST, the Indians' relations with the federal agency set up to assist them—the Interior Department's Bureau of Indian Affairs—have not always been pleasant. Despite the dedicated work of many of the Bureau's agents, a minute minority have used their positions of trust to enrich themselves at the expense of the people whom they were appointed to help. An agent sent to assist an Apache group on its reservation in New Mexico spent his time and efforts in private mining operations on Apache land, supporting the ventures with food and supplies diverted from tribal use. An inspector sent to check on the missing supplies ended up by purchasing the operations from the agent and inducing the son of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs to accept a partnership in the venture.

The Cheyennes of Montana talk about a more recent incident. In 1957, tracts of valuable range land were put up for sale after the deaths of the original Cheyenne owners. The tribe requested permission from the Bureau, which is custodian of tribal funds, to use $40,000 for purchase of the land for communal use. The request was denied, and the land was then sold well below its market value to white cattle interests.

Officials of the Association of American Indian Affairs, who made a special study of the incident, termed it a perfect example of the type of bureaucracy which had long victimized the Indians. In this instance, a highly placed employee of the Bureau, who also happened to be associated with the cattlemen in question, used his influence to get the Bureau to say "no" to the Cheyennes.

There have been other examples of connivance by federal agents to give outside interests control of valuable cattle ranges, timber, oil or mineral resources on lands belonging to Indians, who—it must be admitted—have been perfect foils for this sort of thing. Aside from their educational deficiencies and lack of knowledge of "deeds," "titles," and "easements," the Indians traditionally have thought of land as something created for the use of all. Consequently when they sign legal documents ceding lands, they believe they are merely granting the purchaser the temporary right to use the land for a specific purpose—to farm, extract oil or minerals from it, to graze cattle on it. They do not realize that they are giving up forever their right and the right of their children to ever again make use of that land. Since they believe the earth belongs to the community—the tribe—it never occurs to them that the individual has the irrevocable right to sell it.

THIS IS one facet of the Indian mentality that strengthened the conviction of white Americans back in the free-wheeling days of *laissez-faire* that the tribal system was the evil force standing in the way of the Indians' economic advancement. It also provided an altruistic cover-up for gaining control of tribal lands.

In 1887, the Dawes Act was passed. It intended to transform the Indian into a "good citizen" by individualizing his tribal lands, a process which was supposed to turn him into a "rugged individualist." Each Indian family was given its own tract of land. To protect their interests the government retained trust titles for a period of 25 years, by which time it was believed the "civilizing" or acculturative process, as it was called, would be complete. In 1912, the first trust period came to an end, and widespread loss of Indian lands resulted. Over a period of 20 years, 90 million acres—some two-thirds of the Indians' holdings—were snatched up by clever land agents. Not until 1934 was the situation corrected. The Indian Reorganization Act of that year allowed the Indians to decide for themselves whether they wished to retain what was left of their Dawes Act allotments or return to the traditional system of tribal land ownership. The majority chose the latter.

Friends of the Indian thought this development would still the clamor of the anti-tribalists, but they were mistaken. Subsequent events were to show that many Americans still believe that tribalism perpetuates the Indians'

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wretched conditions, keeping Indians on reservations whose resources cannot support them; and that their subsequent dependence upon the federal government kills initiative and leads to shiftlessness.

The anti-tribalists also maintain that reservations promote their own form of racism and segregation and that government policy should be directed toward getting the Indian into the mainstream of American life. In short, they are opting for the traditional "melting pot" view of American society as against the pluralistic view of different cultures, races and religions living in harmony without one absorbing the other.

Philleo Nash, the present Commissioner of Indian Affairs, disputes this line of reasoning. "Tribalism is not an evil," he contends, "and in any case its elimination or perpetuation should not be the choice of the bureaucrat. It should be for those who live within tribalism to continue it; and for those who choose to live outside it, to part company with it. Some, but not all, Indians prefer it. We do not solve other problems by compelling people to give up a form of association which they had before we came here. We should respect the freedom of association of Indians under tribal government just as we respect other ways in which people band together for their mutual advancement and comfort."

TODAY, the Bureau of Indian Affairs is carrying out a three-point program to improve economic opportunities for Indians.

For those who desire to remain on the reservation, the Bureau provides assistance to enable them to make better and more productive use of their one great resource—the land. The services provided include methods of efficient forest and range management, soil and water conservation, agricultural extension services, irrigation systems and credit advice. This phase of the program has been seriously hampered by the fact that the Bureau's loan funds are derived from a revolving fund limited to $25 million, although applications for loans for tribal development projects now total more than $180 million.

The Bureau is also working cooperatively with state and tribal officials, civic leaders and private enterprise to encourage the location of light industries on or near reservations. So far, Bureau officials admit, this program has met with only limited success.

Indians who choose to leave the reservation are aided by a special Voluntary Relocation Program set up to locate them in areas where job opportunities are available. Twenty thousand Indian workers have been relocated since the program was initiated. This year, the Bureau estimates, some 2,500 families will be relocated. These Indians fare better on all fronts—jobs, schooling and health—than their brothers who remain at "home."

Those who are anxious to "get the government out of the Indian business" make a big thing of this, claiming it is the only practical way of alleviating the Indians' economic and social problems. This is a resurgence of the feeling embodied in most of the so-called "termination" bills introduced in Congress during the early days of the Eisenhower Administration. One of these bills, which was enacted in 1953, transferred responsibility for keeping law and order on reservations from federal to local authorities in five states. Also passed was a concurrent Congressional resolution calling on the Secretary of the Interior to draw up a program for withdrawal of all federal support from Indians as soon as feasibly possible.

In 1958, the ardor of the termination enthusiasts was dampened when Eisenhower's second Secretary of the Interior, Fred Seaton, denounced efforts to withdraw all federal protection and services from Indians, especially when so many were found incapable of handling their own affairs. Such termination, he said, would be "incredible, even criminal" since the federal government could not evade its share of the blame for failure to prepare the Indians for responsible existence in modern American society.

During the years of the Eisenhower Administration, it is estimated that 10,000 Indians had their ties with the federal government severed, and in most cases it was against the wills of the individuals involved. Had it not been for such organizations as the Association of American Indian Affairs, the National Congress of American Indians and the Indian Rights Association, which carried on the fight in Washington, the number would have been much greater.

If the termination bills served any useful purpose at all, it was to convince the Indians that they could no longer afford to ignore politics. Up to that time, they were generally wary of voting in state or federal elections because of the unfounded fear that voting would make them subject to taxation—their tribal lands are tax exempt under federal law—and bring undesirable influences to bear upon their communities.

Most of the Indian organizations, it is interesting to note, have expressed appreciation to Secretary Udall for his instructions to the Bureau of Indian Affairs to avoid any policy changes or modifications in existing

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policy unless the Indian groups involved have been consulted. This approach has forced the Indians to take an active interest in tribal affairs and to study their own situations with a view to recommending possible solutions.

Today, greater emphasis is being placed on self-help. The Cherokees in the Southeast and the Navajos in the Southwest have built up thriving businesses in arts and crafts. The Sioux and the Fox of the Midwest have succeeded in gaining jobs with their non-Indian neighbors without having to desert their reservations. The San Carlos Apaches of New Mexico have acquired a reputation for producing high-grade livestock. The Red Lake Chippewas of Minnesota provide fresh fish for the Chicago market.

These tribes have shown what can be done when Indians remain together—and work together—in their own communities. Their example, however, remains the exception rather than the rule.

THE INDIAN'S accommodation to modern society does not mean he has changed his basic attitudes toward life. Social scientists have studied tribes as diverse as the Seminoles of Florida and the Hopi of Arizona and found that they still share the same elemental feelings that motivated their ancestors: willingly accepting the utilitarian features of comfort and convenience of the white man's culture but remaining disinterested in the white American's instinct for competition and acquisition. They are dismayed by sudden change, especially at the expense of their natural surroundings, for the Indian mentality is rooted in the earth, and he still thinks in terms of the indivisibility of the land and the community; one cannot be separated from the other without doing violence to his very nature.

To the Indian, the land is sacred; it is life. As Oliver LaFarge has written, it is "an essential factor in the continuation of an Indian's ancient community; it is useful, but at its most useful serves a higher, non-material aim: Over the land lies the special light of ancient memories, beliefs, events—and each bit of territory, whatever its nature, has its beauty."

If the land cannot support him, however, the Indian must turn his back on it and look elsewhere. In the process, he may be able to improve his economic lot, but his adaptation to the complexities of modern society often requires a mental adjustment that can be made only at the expense of his Indian nature. If he fails to make the adjustment, he is doomed to remain on the periphery of modern life: unable to reject his Indian past and unable to accept the demands imposed upon him by the dominant group. This explains perhaps why 20 per cent of relocated Indians eventually return to the reservation. Perhaps it also explains why they furnish far more than their share of the habitués of the skid rows in so many of our cities.

Only on the reservation can the Indian maintain his tribal status and identity, for there he can live the communal way of life he prefers, there he can freely embrace a utilitarian philosophy adapting the products of nature to his own needs, there he can retain without apology the Indian outlook that alienates him from the dominant acquisitive society.

Unless the Indian can improve his reservation's economic base, however, he must face up to the unpleasant fact that an increasingly large number of his people face the inevitability of relocation. What other answer is there for a people increasing at a rate twice that of other Americans without a corresponding increase in productive land?

Therein lies the dilemma confronting the American Indian today. He is entitled to more than a choice between isolation or absorption into the dominant society —and he deserves all the help we can give him as individuals and as a nation.

Summer Night at the Keohens

MR.

The chocolate bat
over his bald head rings a
lopsided halo.

MRS.

Gothic arches of
her lupine make me kneel where
I had planned to sleep.

YOUNGEST

Barbara clipped that
tiffany rose to see it
near her sparrow eggs.

KERRY

Red headed girl with
her nose in the firecracker-
rose is too much rose.

KATEY

Her candelabra
fingers glow with the tiny
wicks of the fireflies.

ELDEST

Martha busy in
her kitchen sets a place mat
for a guest not god.

RAYMOND ROSELIEP

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THE STAGE

Luv Konkers Awl

IF YOU HAVE enough talent you can get away with just about anything, even a title like "Luv." (People have to say, " I went to see Love, you know L-U-V the other night" before they can talk about it: a formidable barrier.)

And that isn't all that "Luv" gets away with. It is also much too symmetrical. The second act is a photographic negative of the first; and each is full of interior duplications. It is a bit like watching a theorem being proved first forwards and then backwards—from the equal sides to the equal angles, and back from the angles to the sides.

And finally the theme is only mediumly original (i. e. half the audience will not have discussed it within the last week). It has, of course, to do with Luv—spelled here to look like a new miracle detergent—the great American affirmation and the answer to everything from existential despair to nail-biting to third-act trouble. The language of Luv is the language of poets and admen, of Erich Fromm and Mary Worth, of Irving Berlin and Father Flanagan. Its methods are lechery, tenderness and gestalt psychiatry; its aims are self-abandonment, therapeutic self-sacrifice and beady-eyed self-improvement.

Luv has been a staple of literary pop-art at least since Al Capp unveiled the first shmoo. The pleasures of the play are partly, therefore, the pleasures of familiarity: its top layer consists of a middlingly stale joke told to perfection.

The action consists of three characters who take turns at luvving each other. Romantic luv is invoked by an excruciatingly charmless torch song; whenever one of the characters resorts to it, the victim goes stiff all over like one standing for the national anthem. This is luv as technique.

Luv as therapy is something else. This is something altogether beautiful (except that it keeps sliding back, with a clown's lurch, into that awful technique), and each of the characters is humbly aware of his own need for it. . . . So aware that he is barely aware of anything else. There is one tremulous scene in which Alan Arkin and Anne Jackson suddenly realize that they have *found* it—and are so enraptured by this that the other person might as well not be there at all.

Luv as status is wrapped up in a few rambling words by Eli Wallach. As the curtain goes up, he comes upon his old friend Arkin about to jump off a bridge; I'm ashamed of you, giving up like that, he says and goes on to describe his own great success in the world (meanwhile foraging absently for bric-a-brac in a nearby trash can); when Arkin says that that kind of success doesn't interest him, Wallach volte-faces and agrees with him warmly. Do you think I could keep going just for a few baubles? he asks angrily. No, the real secret is love, the love of a wonderful wife.

Later it transpires that his marriage is miserable (this is what I mean by symmetrical humor); but in the world of luv there is no middle-ground between boasting and whining. In the second act, Wallach boasts about his *second* marriage, and his wife boasts about *her* second marriage and by now both of them are miserable; but it is understood that luvlessness is as disgraceful as poverty (the two are paralleled several times) and one only admits to either when applying for relief.

Murray Schisgal has found just the right note of unreality for his fable, and has stuck to it relentlessly. Some authors appear to handle this kind of material with pincers and rubber-gloves, so distasteful do they find the world's foolishness; others stand so close to it that you can't tell which side they are on: the tone they mimic is indistinguishable from their own. Mr. Schisgal seems to be just about right.

That he also gets away with such a metronomically predictable story-line must be ascribed partly to inventive direction by Mike Nichols and largely to the extraordinary performance of Alan Arkin. Mr. Arkin knows how to do the blind staggers; he knows how to eat a banana. His trousers are certainly baggy—but not as baggy as he makes them look, when he puts his mind to it. He can parody *angst* with his back turned.

Mr. Arkin's catatonic despair in the first ten minutes sets the mood for the evening; after that, the audience is ready to welcome even the most expected jokes like old friends. (*At the Booth*) WILFRID SHEED

THE SCREEN

Compulsive?

THE FOREIGN films, some old, some new, some borrowed, some blue, keep rolling in—thank goodness, because even if one doesn't like their themes, they often offer a fresh approach and a thoughtfulness that starts discussion and lifts the status of cinema. Here's a rundown of some of these imports now on our screens.

Even old and not-the-best Fellini is better than no Fellini. "Il Bidone," which Federico Fellini directed and helped to write in 1955, tells about the sneaky work and decline of three small-time Roman swindlers and one in particular, their leader, played by Broderick Crawford. In the two meanest of their deals, they pose as clergy and bilk peasants out of money for Masses, and in another they pretend to be government agents and get money from poor slum-dwellers for a housing project.

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Although Fellini does not explain why these crooks go in for this kind of swindling, which is really a lot of work, instead of using their talents at regular jobs, he does present them in an interesting fashion that is neither sentimental nor glamorous, and he also portrays the swindlers' victims as not being entirely guiltless. I'm sorry that "Il Bidone," which was made between "La Strada" and "Nights of Cabiria" has not been shown here before now. It belongs with those movies and is a definite forerunner to "La Dolce Vita." Its story, however, is somewhat contrived, especially in the conversion finale. But "Il Bidone" is still worth seeing, and is a must for Fellini enthusiasts.

FROM Argentina now has come "The Terrace," director Leopoldo Torre Nilsson's film about today's teenagers, which was shown at the 1963 New York Film Festival. What mainly makes this movie different from the Hollywood products about rebelling teenagers is that most of the good-looking boys and girls who shut themselves up on the rooftop terrace of a fancy apartment building are the sons and daughters of well-to-do parents. The film does not make clear what the kids hope to gain by not coming down; they seem to be rebelling just for rebellion's sake against parents and society in general. These young people are self-indulgent, cruel, well-heeled, irresponsible; and in their boredom they resort to "truth" games, fighting and sex; some of them incline to anti-Semitism; and none of them has any real religious interest so they scorn the priest who pleads rather ineffectually from a helicopter after they threaten suicide. Altogether they are a thoroughly unattractive lot; and while Torre Nilsson has directed his film well and holds our interest, I wish he had clarified the point of the whole thing. Perhaps the clue is in the symbolic finale showing a ten-year-old girl who has been maimed forever by the thoughtlessness of one of the young men.

SINCE I am tolerant of other people's gambling, but am quite unenthusiastic about it myself (even over a bridge table), I found it hard to work up great interest in "Bay of the Angels," a French film concerned with compulsive gamblers. It's about a young bank clerk who gets caught up in the gambling fever—first in a Paris suburb, then at Nice, then at Monte Carlo. As this is a rather dull, handsome fellow, played dully by Claude Mann, the picture actually becomes the story of the confirmed, obsessed gambler with whom he falls in love. The role is brilliantly played by Jeanne Moreau who looks flashy in bleached-blond hair and some elegant clothes; she reminds this viewer of Bette Davis in the old days, and her fine performance is also reminiscent of Davis' style. Director-writer Jacques Demy tries and often succeeds in getting tense suspense into this drama, but after many scenes at the roulette tables, scenes that are necessarily repetitive, even the suspense begins to pall. The film's finale is ridiculous, but "Bay of the Angels" will no doubt hold any viewers who have a yen for gambling or those who like to suffer with obsessed lost souls.

I'M NOT sure what the Swedish film, "To Love" is getting at—unless it's trying to sell us on free love. It tells the story of a young, recent-widow who is courted by a young man on the prowl. In no time, on their first date, they pop into bed; and from then on, the picture becomes a series of bedroom scenes that are interspersed occasionally by shots of other rooms when the couple comes up for air. But air is not the theme of "To Love" which has very little plot but several well-acted and amusing characterizations under Jorn Donner's skillful direction. The young couple are deftly played by Harriet Andersson and Zbigniew Cybulski with plenty of wacky humor. No doubt the only really shocking part of "To Love" has to do with the girl's mother and son who are hanging around most of the time—the mother smiling coyly and the little boy wondering. It is he who says, "Isn't it nice mummy's happy again." Morality seems to have nothing to do with all this sex game that finally winds up making sex a bore. PHILIP T. HARTUNG

CORRESPONDENCE

"Conversation Among Editors"

Long Beach, Calif.

TO THE EDITORS: We found "Conversation Among Commonweal Editors" [November 20] fascinating and instructive. One area covered, however—the problem of intervention of bishops in California on the issue of fair housing legislation—criticism of such intervention expressed by former editor John Cogley and associate editor John Leo prompts several questions.

First, Leo's comment that ". . . (although) bishops should intervene in specific political situations . . . as long as Catholics are not sufficiently aware of principles they should be applying . . . in the long run, we should oppose intervention." Isn't this rather wide of the mark? To deny Negroes free choice of housing is to sanction segregation, which the passage of Prop. 14 accomplished. Is it not the *duty* of our bishops to point out that voting in favor of such segregation is immoral, as well as unlawful?

Second, isn't Leo's belief that intervention is proper ". . . (only) as long as Catholics are not sufficiently aware of principles they should be applying" somewhat ivory-towerish? We believe there are relatively few Catholics who could exhibit such awareness in the face of the barrage of propaganda against the Rumford Act that those of us in California suffered through in the weeks prior to the election. That campaign

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was financed by the California Real Estate Assn. with funds coming, in part ($100,000), from the parent National Assn. of Real Estate Boards. (Wonder how many "aware" Catholics there are in *those* organizations?)

Third, Cogley's statement that "I am not happy that we have a group in the Church, and liberals at that, criticizing bishops for not instructing the faithful on how to vote"—because of COMMONWEAL's recent attack on Cardinal McIntyre (which Managing Editor James O'Gara and former editor George N. Shuster discussed), aren't Editor Skillin, Associate editor Leo *and* O'Gara all now official spokesmen for that group?

We disagree with Cogley, and regret Leo's apparent change of mind. We believe that pressure from several sources—including COMMONWEAL's attack—produced results. For example, Cardinal McIntyre's reminder to the faithful, published in the *Tidings*, archdiocesan newspaper, ". . . that the approval of Prop. 14 does not repeal the serious moral obligation of all persons to avoid racial discrimination and segregation. This moral duty concerning civil rights, derived from God-given dignity of all men, regardless of race or color . . ." However, considering the Cardinal's statement prior to the election that Prop. 14 was a "political issue," few were surprised that his exhortation about "This moral duty" appeared in the November issue of the *Tidings*—three days *after* the election? It was too late, but it was there. CHARLES P. BOYER

"Reforming the Seminaries"

Mundelein, Ill.

TO THE EDITORS: We in the seminary very often give voice to some rather vague, but deeply felt, convictions that our seminary training is not preparing us for the apostolic ministry of today's parish. Spiritual directors and other superiors, however, tell us that our ideas are only opinions. Perhaps a redirection in seminary training would develop priests who are more aware of contemporary problems and more able to serve; but perhaps not. It is only an opinion. Father Joseph O'Donoghue's "Reforming the Seminaries" [COMMONWEAL, November 6] could well be considered in this category also; it only expresses Fr. O'Donoghue's *opinion*. Yet, finding ourselves still troubled by our persisting opinions, no matter how prayerfully and humbly we consider them, and finding them confirmed in leading Catholic journals, what are we as seminarians to do?

One thing we have attempted to do is to broaden the base of opinion and establish a few facts by means of a sociological survey. In *America* (January 18, 1964) Father Stafford Poole pointed out the need for more research concerning priestly training, and Father O'Donoghue has refocused attention on this need. Our survey, prepared in collaboration with three trained sociologists—a priest, a nun, and a layman—is a small-scale attempt to begin this fundamental research. The survey was directed primarily to priests in the Archdiocese of Chicago, ordained six years or less, who are involved in parish work. We contacted these priests because of their more recent experience of the major seminary and because we felt they would most likely feel the needs of the modern ministry very keenly. As a control group, we also sent surveys to parish priests who have been ordained 10, 15, 20 and 25 years. The return was very gratifying. Out of 247 contacted, 128 replied. This percentage of 52% is extremely good for this kind of opinion survey. (The detailed results of this study will be published in full at a later date.)

One of our primary concerns in the survey was the priest's ability to communicate with the layman. Does the seminary heighten or diminish this ability? Daniel Callahan has, on several occasions, written of a "clerical culture" which sets the priest apart from the layman. We wished to test this assertion against the experience of our Archdiocesan priests.

Ninety-six percent of the priests surveyed felt that communication with the laity was of great importance in their ministry, but 58% of them felt that the seminary hindered their ability so to communicate. Eighty-three percent thought that the isolation of the seminary from significant news and world events lessened their ability to appreciate the impact of these events on the persons they will serve. Further in this area of communication, 71% stated that the seminary made communicating even with an immediate superior more difficult.

Concerning the content of the "clerical culture" received in the seminary, the great majority of respondents felt a lack in the fields of psychology, sociology, liturgy, Scripture, catechetics, and Papal social thought; all of which would seem important to make the Christian message relevant to today's layman. Especially striking are the 90% who felt ill-prepared in psychology and, on the eve of the liturgical renewal stemming from the Council's Constitution on the Sacred Liturgy, the 79% who felt inadequately provided with liturgical knowledge. In response to inquiries about the spiritual life, 70-80% felt that the seminary had not helped them sufficiently to integrate the liturgy and the Sacred Scriptures into their lives of priestly prayer. The strongest points in the survey, the disciplines in which most of the priests felt adequately prepared, were Scholastic philosophy, dogmatic and moral theology.

In addition to the standardized questions of our survey, we also provided space for any further comments from the priests. A surprising number took the time and trouble to write out their ideas. The criticisms most often presented were that the seminary stifles initiative, the faculty are overworked and have little time or enthusiasm for creative research, and that

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not enough provision is made for supervised experience in the ministry or priestly "on the job training." Two suggestions frequently made were to establish a diocesan commission which would radically rethink the entire seminary system; and, more proximately, to provide for seminarian involvement in many more apostolic activities. One statement made by many of the priests could well sum up the entire results of the survey: "The seminary seems to be producing 'good seminarians', but not necessarily well-equipped priests, priests who possess the skills needed for the ministry in today's parish."

Obviously, any attempt to indicate the significance of our survey should avoid generalizations or applications to all seminaries. Father O'Donoghue points out the "widely varying pattern of American seminaries"; and since our survey was confined to the Chicago Archdiocese, no attempt should be made to apply the results to the national pattern. This is, however, a beginning of the sort of research that could be done, and perhaps similar studies in other dioceses would yield some similarly disturbing results. What is clear from this study is that something is very wrong with the seminary of America's largest archdiocese. The very priests who are facing today's problems feel very strongly that their seminary somehow let them down.

Thus the vague feelings of uncertainty with which we started have been confirmed. If our ideas are only opinions, we have discovered that very many priests actually involved in the ministry share them and give good reasons for sharing them. Our seminary doesn't seem to be developing in us the academic skills or the ability to communicate which we so badly need in this complexifying world we wish to serve. Articles in journals such as COMMONWEAL hint at changes and solutions, but nothing seems to be done. What, again, after all has been said, is the seminarian to do?

Three Seminarians
St. Mary of the Lake Seminary

Richardson, Tex.

TO THE EDITORS: Once again you have initiated a discussion of the value of present seminary training for the priest of our day. It would seem that any time the demand for change or reappraisal arises, it is quickly rejected with the argument that the seminary is not an ordinary institution of learning and growth, but a *testing* ground. The Church must protect herself from the rebellious or unsavory or incompetent. For a moment, let us grant that the seminary, its professors and resources, should first concern itself about testing candidates. It seems obvious that any test demands conditions similar to the actual situation to be faced. What more cogent reason, then, for overhauling the predominantly monastic and discipline-structured environment and introducing conditions that would truly test the strength of a candidate for the active pastoral work.

We also ought to investigate the assumption that testing is the first purpose of seminary life. If our principal emphasis stresses introspection, examination, interior and exterior renunciation, there is real danger that the candidate, in his zeal for self-scrutiny, will not open himself to the sundry realities of growth. Should we continue to maintain that the springtime of a man's youth (normally the late teens and early twenties) be exhausted in an exacting and efficient test program? It seems tragic that growth, the growth of the whole Christian man, should not take priority. We believe that windows should be opened. Let some fresh, outside air circulate. Let us value *growth* as the greatest challenge facing the priestly candidate. *Aggiornamento* sounds hollow if the Church refuses to apply it to the homes where her young men become priests.

(Rev.) JOSEPH W. DREW, C.S.P.

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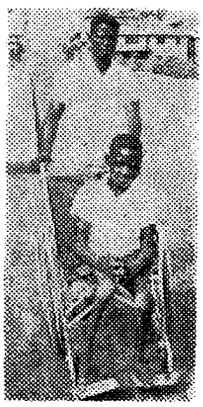

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An Intellectual's Journal, in the French Tradition

Diary 1928-1957. By Julian Green. Harcourt, Brace & World. $6.50.

by David Littlejohn

JULIAN GREEN is a minor American-French novelist, born in Paris in 1900. His first two novels, written in the mid-1920's, tales of lonely, self-tormenting females, saw him hailed as a French Emily Brontë, a French Hawthorne. He proceeded to specialize in a kind of neo-Gothic psycho-melodrama, in narratives of frustrated passion and murder in drizzly gray settings. There are now a dozen of these novels, better and worse; but none, unfortunately, has ever equalled the power, the control, the artistry of the first two. His books have become increasingly crude self-projections (Green confesses that he uses his novels for personal therapy), shrill, strained, tasteless formulas of repressed homosexuality and a weird breed of Pauline-puritan Catholicism.

But like so many French men of letters—like his own strange mentor André Gide, half the hero of this book—he asks and expects to be judged not on his works alone, but on his life. His Diary, in this respect, is more important than his fiction. It is certainly better reading. The selections in this new translation represent about a third of the original; but there is still sufficient material, cleanly translated and coherently presented, for us to know and to judge Julian Green.

He is, first of all, enough the true French intellectual to make every American reader feel ashamed of the safe pedestrian denseness of his own thinking life. A diary, admittedly, gives unfair emphasis to one's thinking moments. But Green, like Gide, seems *always* to be asking essential questions. Conscience, for such men, is a complex and a living thing; they *drive* themselves intellectually, morally, they worry desperately over the Great Issues we ignore. Green keeps the closest watch over the responses and changes of his inner self, keeps facing the full universe with wide-open eyes. He is not content, he is unable to live or to think superficially, to lead the plodding little half-life with which those of us who are not French intellectuals can remain comfortably content.

But Julian Green is not just another minor-league French intellectual; he has his problems. Chief among them—the one, in fact, that defines him—is an obsessive and lacerating sexual puritanism. He has tried all his life to understand it, to exorcise it, to come to terms with it, to channel it into his novels: but it burns at the last as violently as at the start.

"During my whole youth, I was obsessed by the thought of an ideal life in which anxieties of a sexual order would not exist. . . .

"Chastity is the body's nightmare. The soul is certain of its vocation, but the body's vocation is physical love. That is its mode of expression, that is all it thinks about. . . . The body hates the soul and wants it to die.

"I hate the sexual instinct. I recognize its importance, I admire the gigantic force that has achieved so many works, but hate desire, that force that throws so many wise beings at the foot of fools and makes them rave, like lustful children. I wish it was not so."

He tries to escape this torment; he understands, intellectually, the value of the sexual instinct, the evil of the Puritan mentality; but he is trapped. He approaches, towards the end of the volume, a Jansenist extreme: all things, all pleasures, beauty, writing, must be sinful. The evidence of the novels, plus any number of hints in the diary (Green's reticence here was something Gide could never understand) indicate that the temptations were, primarily, homosexual—which explains something of their intensity. But it is the intensity and not the direction that matters.

Along with this anguish, there existed for Green two modes of escape: Nostalgia, a dream-life of longing for better days and better ways; and Writing, nostalgia objectified, passion safely released. Nostalgia is Green's natural air. He dwells in a willed melancholic other-where, he lives in his memories of musty old houses, of monastery light, of music once heard; of his illuminating moments of joy and despair. It eases the pain. He longs, his life through, for his childhood, his innocence, his fifteenth year: "I felt my fifteenth year thrill within me, a time when I was so madly in love with heaven"; or for the Paris of 1922, for the antebellum South, for the Middle Ages. He passed the war years in his parents' America, where the sense of exile, the image of occupied Paris were enough to send him into dry fits of longing and despair. His Catholicism, in fact, is a compound of Puritanism and nostalgia; it finds its home in the white, pure stillness of the cloister.

Writing, for Green, is a more radical, more positive, even more necessary escape. "The novelist in me is none other than the madman I would perhaps have been if I had not written novels." "Writing books," he tells us, "comforts the author for everything that life has refused him."

Beyond this spiritual writer's biography which is its essence, Green's valuable diary affords most of the fringe benefits to be expected from a book of this kind. There are prized sure comments on the writer's craft; perfect, one-paragraph capsule assessments of writers, musicians, and artists; fine, poetic pages from a novelist's notebooks. There is, thank God (or the Devil), André Gide, as enigmatic and magnificent as ever. Most of the French literary world of three decades, that strangely intimate, talky German General Staff of Letters, is conjured up here. Even something of history creeps in.

It remains, though, one man's story, a case study in repression, religion, and the discipline of creation in an intense and honest Frenchman. It provides us with a standard, for better and worse, to measure our-

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selves against. "This strange book" he prophesied, "will cease someday from appearing to be so, and will accomplish its mission, which is to be useful to a few people, to guide them, to teach them to avoid certain mistakes, to help them to a better knowledge of a lonely man's heart."

Can the Justice Department Do More?

Federalism and Civil Rights. By Burke Marshall. Columbia. $3.50.

by Howard N. Meyer

DR. ROBERT COLES, peripatetic civil rights psychologist, once quoted a Louisiana jailer as having taunted him with the challenge, "Y'all could stop a lot of segregation if y'all wanted, but I don't think y'all really mean it." The segregationist senses the indifference, the ambivalence, of the white liberal Northerners, "their fears and dislikes, similar to his," as Dr. Coles suggests, and doubts that he really *must* modify his historic relationship to the Negro. And until he is made to believe that he must, he won't.

A leading critic of the U.S. Department of Justice has charged that its agents have repeatedly permitted federal law to be violated while they looked the other way. The prolonged debate on the milder ameliorations of the Civil Rights Bill, according to Professor Howard Zinn, has distracted attention from the crucial problem of enforcement of existing law. He cites, in *SNCC: The New Abolitionists* (Beacon Press, $4.95), the verdict of the Notre Dame Conference of lawyers and social scientists who agreed that "lawlessness" in "outlaw communities of the Deep South . . . does not pose an issue of federalism." What was needed, declared the Conference, in the Spring of 1963, is "on-the-spot protection of the exercise of federal rights." Three bodies found in a dam in the summer of 1964 retrieved the thesis of the Notre Dame Conference from obscurity.

It was to be hoped that Mr. Burke Marshall, head of the Civil Rights Division of the U.S. Department of Justice, would join issue with such critics, or furnish at least some plausible explanation for inaction in the face of evil. The publishers' claim for the book (which embodies lectures delivered by the Assistant Attorney General at Columbia in the Spring of 1964) encouraged that hope. One is disappointed to find, with even the writer of the Foreword promising that the answer was here, that Mr. Marshall has declined to join the debate.

Instead he dismisses the Department's critics as primarily "young people" whose "schools and universities have not taught them much about the working of the federal system." The anguished frustrations produced by murder, mayhem, and arson, are attributed to an "immense ignorance"; writing two months before twenty-nine noted law professors decried his then-chief's disclaimer of power to act, Mr. Marshall insists that the Department has been prevented from intervening "by some basic constitutional notions which have worked, and worked well, in other contexts. . . ."

It literally makes no sense, in the context of race relations, to talk with delicacy of intrusion into the "tender area of states' rights." No historian will deny that the Fourteenth Amendment was intended to make civil rights a national responsibility; Mr. Justice Bradley, later to write a most restrictive interpretation of the Amendment, said in 1873 that the Amendment was a response to a "spirit of insubordination and disloyalty," to "intolerance of free speech and free discussion," and sought to provide that "American citizenship should be a sure guaranty of safety," and that "every citizen of the United States might stand erect in every portion of its soil . . . without fear of violence or molestation." Mr. Marshall has no reasoned answer to offer the very distinguished (adult) Southerners who urged, in January *1961*, that the Justice Department must "discharge fully the federal government's duty to preserve the public peace," in the Southern Regional Council's *The Federal Executive and Civil Rights.*

If one accepts Mr. Marshall's basic assumption (and overlooks the passages impatiently dismissing the "young people") it can be agreed that his little book has a useful purpose. That assumption seems to be that our federal system requires tolerance of the denial of federal rights, perpetrated or permitted by state officials, for unspecified periods of grace.

In his discussion of voting rights he furnishes anecdotal and statistical samples of the character of the resistance and concludes that "the federal structure . . . does not now work, because of massive denials of the right to vote." He documents a deeply imbedded double standard in the administration of justice, an "affront to the conscience of the nation." His purpose is to convey the message (with such restraint and subtlety that it may not reach its intended recipients) that if all this goes on much longer, something may have to be done about it—something that will offend believers in his ideas as to our federal system.

It would have seemed more to the point, even if one were to assume limitations on the national power and duty in matters of equal protection of the laws, to have recognized the ineligibility of the lawless regions to partake of the immunities of a federal system. Division of power between nation and state presupposes, at the very least, state governments that have a character of legitimacy. Mr. Marshall furnishes evidence which would justify withdrawal of federal recognition from the existing regime in Mississippi. The federal obligation to guarantee a republican form of government is part of our original constitution, and the potential dimensions of that obligation require discussion. The Citizen's Council representatives do not deserve to be seated at Washington and their legislature may be treated as "bogus" as was the Kansas regime of 1855 founded on corruption of the franchise.

In his conclusion the Assistant Attorney General furnishes a clue and a cue for a national debate, long overdue. The 19th-Century Justice Harlan, who had dissented alone from the now-overruled decision in

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Plessy v. Ferguson ("separate but equal") had dissented also, thirteen years before, in the case that gutted the Civil Rights Act of 1875. Mr. Marshall quotes from the great dissent in the *Civil Rights Cases* of 1883 the kernel of the almost unanswerable argument that the nation was obliged to give freedom at least as much national protection as it had given slavery before the war. One deeply regrets that the rest of the book does not accept Mr. Justice Harlan's position, and regrets even more that the Department's brief of January 1964, in *Griffin v. Maryland*, stated "We unqualifiedly accept the fundamental distinction laid down by the *Civil Rights Cases*." As SNCC leader John Lewis asked, which side are they on?

The Bar and the political science and history faculties have overlooked the need to induce the Department of Justice to strive to make Justice Harlan's 1883 dissent prevail—in the same way that the NAACP carried the fight to enable his dissent in *Plessy* to "overcome." That victory will remain a paper one until full national responsibility for enforcement is assumed and implemented.

Origins of the Church-State Problem

The Crisis of Church and State, 1050-1300. Edited by Brian Tierney. Spectrum. $5.50.

by Robert W. Hanning

MOST OF US have carried away from our school books some sense of the papacy's colorful history. We know, for instance, that during the Middle Ages the Popes often claimed a more-than-spiritual authority over Christendom, and that they supported their claim in a series of bitter struggles with the secular rulers of medieval Europe. I suspect that we do not find such knowledge evocative, or even meaningful, today; it is too far removed from our present sense of political realities. Nevertheless, suggests Brian Tierney, a period during which the Pope more than once assumed the role of actual or potential deposer of kings is well worth our attention if we would understand the subsequent development of Western political institutions.

At first glance, the dozens of excerpts from papal bulls, decretals and commentaries on them, and medieval theologico-political treatises assembled here would seem to offer an unexciting prospect, indeed. In fact, however, they make interesting and often absorbing reading. First of all, the individual selections are brief and quintessential; Mr. Tierney has pared off the fat of exuberant rhetoric and general polemic and has left us the lean meat of credo and controversy. In addition, he has prepared a running commentary which charts the general course of the church-state crisis and interprets seminal or controversial passages in the various documents. The resulting impression is that of an exciting dialogue astutely staged: positions develop organically (if not always logically) and are pronounced in the voices of real people.

That there were many positions and many voices in this controversy is worth emphasizing. Even to speak of a "church-state struggle" is to create a convenient but hardly accurate synthesis, for the idea of the state, i.e., of a legal or political entity with a conceptual life of its own, was foreign to the leaders and scholars of Europe in 1050.

The revival and growth of this idea during the next two-and-one-half centuries was one of several factors which eventually brought to birth our present ways of thinking about political institutions and church-state relationships. The contentions between the papacy and Europe's princes were part of a larger revolution which completely transformed the less sophisticated assumptions of early medieval society.

In their understanding of man and society, the early Middle Ages were highly synthetic. The basis of civilization was an unlikely (and often uneasy) alliance between the church, keeper of the faith and the legacy of classical civilization, and the barbarian nations, invaders of, and political heirs to, the moribund Roman empire. W. C. Bark has aptly called early medieval Europe a "frontier society"—and frontier societies do not have time to formulate and dispute distinctions between the political and religious orders; there is hardly enough order to go around as it is.

The main interest of all men in unsettled times is security, and in the early Middle Ages the security which interested at least the learned Christian population was spiritual. This pronounced "saluto-centric" bias of early medieval civilization led to a conception of the Christian society in which secular and religious leaders cooperated within *the ecclesia*, the new Israel, as it experienced its earthly preparation for eternal life, i.e., eternal stability. In the learned literature of this age, and especially in its "historical" portraits of the Christian society triumphing over sinful foes without and within, the saintly king was almost as popular as the holy monk or prelate.

By mid-eleventh century, the social order of Europe had apparently stabilized enough to allow the rise of new or revived disciplines which were concerned more with definition than with security. Synthetic tendencies in thought and expression gave way to analytic ones; the play of paradox and the isolation of essences fascinated a new generation. Within the Roman hierarchy a brilliant, often impetuous group of men turned their attention to the nature of the Church and became scandalized by the matter-of-fact control exercised over clerical and episcopal appointments by secular rulers up to and including the Emperors of the Holy Roman Empire.

The resultant political struggle between empire and papacy was, in its first, climactic stage (1050-1130) the practical reflection of what Norman Cantor has called "a great debate on the nature of a Christian society." It was only gradually that there emerged from this debate a sense of the basic separateness of the political (or national) and religious spheres, a separateness destined ultimately to persevere despite (among other hazards) the desires and ambitions of popes wishing to establish a viable sovereignty over kings, or of kings wishing to turn the papacy into the

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obedient servant of national aims.

The voices of this great debate are often surprisingly familiar. We respond at once to Pope Gregory VII, the fearless exponent of the Church's freedom from imperial control, who obviously believed that extremism in the defense of liberty is no vice; to Dante, whose *De Monarchia* advocates a universal empire for the same reasons that we support the United Nations today; to Jean de Paris, whose recognition that spiritual and temporal rulers should cooperate and complement each other's efforts sounded a fourteenth-century return to sanity; and many more.

Mr. Tierney optimistically ends his collection with Jean de Paris, and correctly so, I believe, since the overall results of this long and often extremely acrimonious conflict were beneficial for future generations in Europe and the New World.

Debut of the Anchor Bible

The Anchor Bible. Doubleday. Genesis (Volume 1). Introduction, translation, and notes by E. A. Speiser. $6.
The Epistles of James, Peter, and Jude (Volume 37). Introduction, translation, and notes by Bo Reicke. $5.

by Bruce Vawter

THESE ARE the first two volumes to appear in a series that has been eagerly awaited and will doubtless continue to be eagerly awaited in the paperback edition originally promised. At the prevailing prices, this set of thirty-eight volumes does not seem destined to find a place on too many private bookshelves. Perhaps, in its present form, it is not intended to. Professor Reicke has gathered his textual notes as an appendix to his treatment of each New Testament work, where they may be consulted by those who know Greek grammar and syntax, and ignored by everyone else.

There is no ignoring Dr. Speiser's notes, however, which are often more extensive than the comment which they precede and always integral to it. Galley proofs of Volume 21 *(Jeremiah,* by John Bright) indicate that Speiser's pattern is the rule, rather than the exception, for the series. These notes presuppose considerably more acquaintance with, and interest in, Hebrew and its cognate Semitic languages than the average reader is likely to possess, and they make continual reference to learned works and journals which he will hardly find in his Public Library. They are, by and large, *notes justificatives* addressed to the professional and near-professional student of the Bible. As such they are, incidentally, quite indispensable to an effort like this. Nevertheless, "the general reader with no special formal training in biblical studies" at whom "the Anchor Bible is aimed" (general Preface) should know what kind of books he is buying.

This series has already been carelessly referred to by some writers as a "common Bible." Obviously it is not that—though its title may be clearer than that of the all-Protestant Revised Standard Version which is also being called a common Bible because of its appearance in a "Catholic" edition. The seven Catholic, five Jewish, and twelve Protestant scholars who are the translators of the Anchor Bible have not combined to produce a unified version of Sacred Scripture. The translation of the biblical text—a minimal part of each volume—will be as individualistic as the individual specialist who has produced it.

The value of the series lies precisely in this diversity, which permits a freedom for originality that could never prevail in a translation by committee. Each translator is a recognized authority in his field, and it is this expertise, detailed in introductions, notes, and comment, that in every case justifies the translation. Nevertheless, the Anchor Bible does very definitely have an ecumenical significance as well. It points up strikingly the consensus that has been achieved in the principles of biblical interpretation and translation. Whatever reservations may be expressed over this or that rendering of the biblical text—and these are likely to be very many indeed—are far more likely to rise from differences of critical judgment than from confessional considerations.

Take, for example, the first verse in Speiser's *Genesis.* "When God set about to create heaven and earth . . ." This "new" version (which is actually at least as old as the twelfth-century commentators Rashi and Ibn Ezra), which caused some furore when it was adopted in the translation of *The Torah* by the Jewish Publication Society of America a couple of years ago, is preferred to what has become more customary: "In the beginning God created . . ." The reviewer is inclined (at least, at the present moment) to agree with the translation: here, as in 2:4 and in 5:1, *Genesis* considers creation not from the standpoint of a philosophical *eductio ex nihil* but as a stage in the history of salvation. However, he cannot agree that this is as evidently the meaning of the Masoretic Hebrew text as Speiser holds.

Speiser's argument is that the Hebrew text would have to contain the definite article if the meaning were "In the beginning God created" rather than "At-(the)-beginning-of God creating" = "When God began to create." The fact is that the word in question is used only once in the Hebrew Bible with an article (and then not with the meaning "beginning"); elsewhere it occurs frequently enough without it, and in most cases an English translation will have to supply "the." This is surely a minor cavil, and is perhaps indicative of the degree to which Speiser's work can be faulted.

The introduction, notes, and commentary in *Genesis* are all first rate. Speiser belongs to the modern school of biblical research epitomized in this country by William Foxwell Albright (one of the general editors of the Anchor Bible) and his innumerable disciples, even to the second and third generation, who take biblical tradition seriously and who make full use of the archeological findings that have determined the course of twentieth-century studies just as literary criticism did those of the nineteenth. Predictably, he draws heavily on the fund of cuneiform literature from Mari, Nuzi, and other ancient Near

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Eastern centers to elucidate the Patriarchal stories. Less predictably, he even makes an original and mainly convincing attempt to relate the biblical interpretation of the Patriarchal history to the even better known historical context of the Amorite invasions. Certainly this book will have to be read by anyone who is seriously concerned with Genesis.

Reicke's translation of the Catholic epistles is, as he admits, more literal than fluent. The value of the book is in its excellent commentary, which can afford to be fairly comprehensive in view of the relative brevity of the biblical text. A good historical introduction sets forth the relevance of these writings to the apostolic and post-apostolic ages of the Church. Reicke accepts the traditional authorship of these epistles in a broad (i.e., non-literary) sense. His arguments are soundly critical, though it may be that he as well as others have concluded too much from the too little that is known of Galilean fishermen in general and of the particular Galilean fishermen by whose names these epistles are called.

Pound as Anthologist

Confucius to Cummings; An Anthology of Poetry. Ed. by Ezra Pound and Marcella Spann. New Directions. $6.95.

by Dachine Rainer

AS ONE WOULD surely expect, an anthology of poetry by Ezra Pound is marvellously erratic, revealing, exasperating and exciting. Who's in? Who's out? Why? One gives Pound's choice the gravest attention because quite likely there is no one living who knows more about the world's poetry—Chinese, Greek, Latin, French, Egyptian, Italian, German, as well as old, middle and modern English are all represented in this 320-page volume. Approximately 200 pages are poems in the English language. The remainder are in English translation, often by Pound and these are stamped for good and ill, by his sensibility.

Ezra Pound is not only omnivorous in his knowledge, but forever young, enthusiastic and even dangerous in his passion. I think it is safe to say—although one does not care about safety when writing about Pound—that no one has shown more love for poetry (and to a large extent the allied arts). One feels that he is intimate, intensely engaged with the spirits of poets living and dead, in every country in every period. I wonder how many besides myself—do they number the dozens, the hundreds, the thousands—cherish a correspondence with him? To how many has he sent reading lists, magazines, books, imperious directives, revised their poetry and given them a feeling that he cares—about them and their work—because for him the writing of poetry is the most exacting and cherished affliction that can befall one. This volume is one more gift from this generous man.

There have been three other major anthologies of English poetry: Palgrave's *Golden Treasury* (1850); Quiller-Couch's *Oxford Book of English Verse* (1900) and what will undoubtedly remain the best, Auden's five-volume, *Poets of the English Language* (1950). Pound, in collaboration with Marcella Spann, conceives of this volume as a textbook; it is replete with preface, notes and index, but certainly it will be the most exotic textbook in the whole of literature, for—to mention only one example—how is one to expect schoolteachers to cope not only with an Egyptian poem thrust into the truncated corpus of English poetry, preceding Thomas Hardy, but also with Pound's explanation of this?

For lovers of poetry and lovers of Pound this volume is indispensable; but for either the student with perhaps only a casual interest, or the scholar with a determined one, and with knowledge and attitudes of his own, Auden's collection which contains about fifteen times the quantity and is equal in quality, serves better. Much of Pound's contribution rests on the foreign poems in translation, many of which are, and ought not to be, unfamiliar.

Nevertheless, with no room in which to move and therefore an inevitable incompleteness, it is absolutely amazing how astute, original and valuable a body of English poetry Pound has gathered. And he manages to include the lesser known poets. In the sixteenth century alone, his representatives include Henry VIII, William Cornish, Heath, Robert Wilson (with a particularly lovely anti-urban song, against the immorality of the big city, London, even

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then!) Queen Elizabeth I, and at the turn of the century George Turberville—all absent from the Auden anthology.

Of course, there are many absentees in Pound: no Wordsworth, no Tennyson, no Emily Dickinson. Despite his oblique view, his prejudices—I never expected to find Milton in this volume, and I did not—his is a classical approach; the judicious critic is generally present to check his extravagant engagement. Not always. As I say, there is no Dickinson, but lots of Elizabeth Barret Browning and one of Felicia Dorothea Hemans; Melville but no Thoreau . . . I am disappointed that Laura Riding is absent; I infinitely prefer her to H. D., who is present . . . and so on. This is natural: the promoting of one's aesthetic values is the reward of the anthologist.

One could have a pedant's field day comparing one's own choices or better, Auden's of the same poet, with those of Pound's. For example, Fitz-Greene Halleck is a pretentious rhetorician in Auden's anthology; in Pound's he is a witty versifier. Whitman has me stumped. Pound once wrote that he discovered a dozen pages of Whitman that he liked but that lately he's been unable to find them. If those are the dozen he prints here, I wish they'd get lost again. Mawkish. If it is possible to enjoy Whitman at all, he is at his best in Auden's forty-odd pages, which incidentally suggested an inflated and erroneous estimate of the poet's accomplishments. (Auden performs a similar service for Tennyson.) Pound's Whitman is typical Whitman, and bad.

I regret the absence of the anonymous *Tom O' Bedlam Song,* which I consider the greatest short poem in the language. Missing for three centuries, even now it has only appeared a few times and Auden's is the first anthology in modern times that prints it. But to compensate for this, Pound includes Ford Madox Ford's long poem, *On Heaven,* which is largely ignored in contemporary poetry.

I also took exception to *Achtung* as the title for the English translation of Sappho's poem; but then, contemporary international politics has invested the German word with more ominousness than "Warning." Of course, we are approaching a period when the American "Warning" may succeed in terrorizing people more thoroughly than any previous expression.

This is trifling. The nuggets are what count. Here is Pound quoting Richter: "These are the laws of harmony and counterpoint. They have *nothing* to do with musical composition, which is a totally different activity." Pound is very keen on the distinction between the mysterious process that impels one towards producing art and those laws that govern the construction of any work.

A word for New Directions. In the past twenty-five years James Laughlin has done more to further the cause of putting good poetry in print than any other publisher. *Confucius to Cummings* is one further example. This volume contributes handsomely to the dossier on Ezra Pound, held by those people who believe, as he does, that poetry is the most precious gift to life.

ART

The Calder Show

ALEXANDER CALDER may be as American as blueberry pie, but like the heroine of *South Pacific,* he takes in a lot in his stride. The comprehensive retrospective exhibition at the Guggenheim Museum in New York demonstrates how Futurism, Dada, Matisse, Mondrian, Miró and Picasso were grist to his mill, but most of all it demonstrates how triumphantly his personal expression absorbed them.

Zest, skill and a consummate tact in plucking out the vital heart of a mystery—most significantly, through form-in-movement—are Calder's great qualities. Present in his earliest drawings and models, these qualities developed as experience (his own and that of other artists) deepened and charged his insights with greater force and meaning. His insights took wing with the mobiles, and took root in the monumental dimensions of the late stabiles.

Calder is one of the best sculptors alive in the world today and one of the most original and inventive of artists. His work gives so much sheer delight that it seems more than ever inexcusable to propose that, nonetheless, a tiny nagging doubt remains. For those who believe, as I do, that the scope and character of any art form is derived from the creation of artists—and not vice versa—it seems particularly wrong to suggest that one feels the lack in Calder of one of sculpture's chief properties, solidity.

Nearly all sculptors are fine draughtsman, but Calder goes fur-

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ther in that he seems to think in line rather than in solids, and his great contribution and the very essence of his art is drawing in space. Whether in his moving structures or the static ones, form is indicated rather than substantiated, and it is through line —the thin edge of the wedge—that is so brilliantly indicated.

No matter what is said against a pursuit of novelty for novelty's sake in contemporary art—and a great deal can and has been usefully said —it is still true that the foremost artists of any day, linked as they must be with the past and the present, must also have something new to say or a new way of saying it. It is that newness, given technical skill and a high order of plastic insight, that raises an artist above his fellows. With Calder the very quality which assures his place at the top of the heap is the one that lets in a qualm—isn't there something missing?

The retrospective at the Guggenheim presents the artist's progress throughout his career completely, showing his strong originality wittily absorbing and transforming many facets of twentieth-century art. The very abundance of examples sharpens the impression of Calder's fluid, angular, graphic style. The show spills like an overflowing cornucopia down the ramps of Frank Lloyd Wright's building—in fact some of the out-lying mobiles have had to be stabilized because of the crowds. It is not a bit too much in the sense that every scrap of it is delightful, interesting and worthwhile, but in my opinion it is too much for the space. It is perhaps unfair to Calder, who uses empty space to create his form fully, and needs amplitude even more than other sculptors. It is possible that because his work overfills the Guggenheim his sculptural quality seems more compromised. The large colorful stabile-mobile placed in the garden-pit outside the museum has room about it to establish its authority, but even the great mobile called *The Ghost* (created for this exhibition) which hangs in the stairwell under Mr. Wright's central dome skylight, cannot be seen whole.

Calder springs from a family of Pennsylvania artists, and his father A. Stirling Calder, also a sculptor, is reported to have said of his son's work that he himself rather liked "to fondle sculpture." The absence of this tactile attribute in Calder the crowds at the Guggenheim make mincemeat of, and there are times when looking across the well from one loop of the ramp to another that the museum, filled with Calder's ebullient gayety and color, seems like F. A. O. Schwarz at Christmastime. The effect is so spiritlifting, that again it does seem churlish to point out, nagging questions or not, that Calder's works are certainly much more than toys, even if they may not quite be great sculpture.

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